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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published monthly



APRIL, 1933

Tennis—by Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT THE GIRL SCOUT CONVENTION AT VIRGINIA BEACH ON THE MORNING OF MRS. HOOVER'S ARRIVAL. MRS. JAMES J. STORROW

ROW (FOURTH FROM LEFT) HOLDS A BOUND VOLUME OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL" FOR 1931 PRESENTED TO THE INTERNATIONAL CHALET AT ADELBODEN

A New Contest for Girl Scout Troops

LAST YEAR *THE AMERICAN GIRL* announced its first handicraft contest for registered Girl Scout troops. The project was a bound volume of the twelve issues published in the preceding year.

The troop winning the first prize was accorded the honor of having its project presented to Mrs. Hoover at the Girl Scout Convention at Virginia Beach last fall. At the same time, the second prize winning volume was presented to Mrs. James J. Storror, for use at the library in the International Chalet at Adelboden, Switzerland. The third prize winning volume was presented to Mrs. Frederick Edey for use in the Board Room at National Headquarters.

This year *THE AMERICAN GIRL* offers to all registered

Girl Scout troops the opportunity to compete for the distinction of being chosen as a winner in the Second Annual Handicraft Contest. The subject will be a bound volume of the twelve issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* published in 1932.

In addition to the honorary awards which, it is planned, will be similar to those made last year, the winning troop will be given an assortment of artists' materials purchased from Binney & Smith at a cost of twenty dollars. Complete information will be mailed to your troop captain in the April issue of *The Leader*. But if you want to help your troop share in the honors accorded to the winners be sure to remind your captain to enter your troop in the contest.



THIS VOLUME WAS PRESENTED TO MRS. HOOVER AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON FEBRUARY 14TH, 1933. NOTE THAT THE COVER WAS MADE LIKE AN EARLY SAMPLER

Along the Editor's Trail



NOT long ago there appeared in the papers a news story that was to me very depressing. It told of a group of educators who believed that certain errors, commonly made in grammar, should be sanctioned. "He don't" they decided was used by many people; therefore it should be considered correct. "It is me", instead of "It is I", should no longer be called an offense against the English language; and "She thinks like I do" should be approved, even though grammarians insist—or used to insist—upon "as I do".

It is true that such mistakes are frequently made, but so are many others. If "he don't" is good because it is commonly used, in some parts of the country, then the obnoxious pronunciations "erl" for oil, and "thoid" for third, should be good, too, for heaven knows we hear them often enough! And "ain't"—which I believe was not included among the whitewashed errors—ought certainly to be taken off the blacklist, as well as "I seen" and "He hadn't ought to." For if we are going to lower our grammatical standards there is no definite point at which we can consistently say "Stop" and soon everything we have ever learned will be turned topsy-turvy.

Our language is a precious thing, and to speak it as correctly as possible should be just as important to us

as to do other things correctly. If a Girl Scout wants to be a pioneer camper, she finds out how to make a fire and the right way to cut down a tree. If she wants to learn to play tennis, she studies her strokes—just hitting the ball any old way won't do—as you will realize when you read Mrs. Wightman's article. And if she bakes a cake she follows a recipe. Why, then, shouldn't she pay equal attention to perfecting the speech which she uses every day?

No, slippish grammar and careless pronunciation in those of us who have had opportunities to learn better are indications of the same sort of slovenliness as soiled fingernails and dresses pinned together with safety pins, and should be regarded with the same disapproval. This doesn't mean that we should be disagreeably affected or pedantic, or that we should painstakingly adopt a manner of speech or pronunciation that is quite alien to the people among whom we live. It means merely that we should have a decent regard for the elementary rules of grammar and exercise an ordinary amount of care in uttering those combinations of letters—words—which, besides being our most important means of communication, one with another, are also in a large measure the basis upon which people, on first meeting us, form their opinion of our mind, character and taste.

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 50

MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
ALICE WADE ROBINSON, *Managing Editor*

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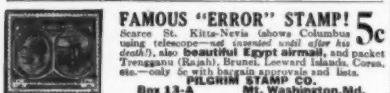
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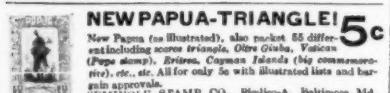
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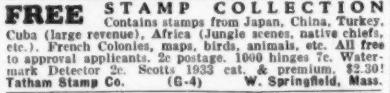
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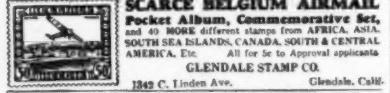
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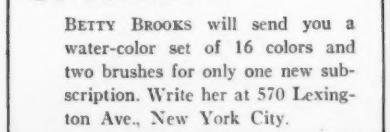
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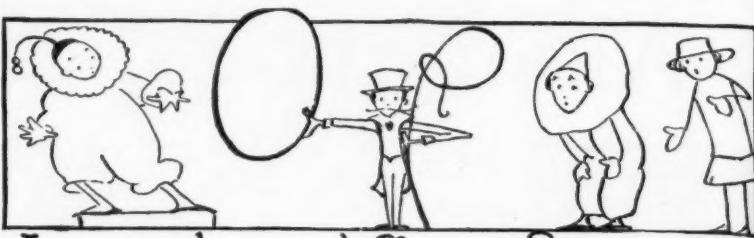
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Laugh and Grow Scout

Worth Trying

Jones had liver trouble and was told to laugh before each meal. One day he was in a restaurant and broke into a laugh.

"What are you laughing for?" another customer asked.

Jones replied, "I'm laughing for my liver."

"Hm!" murmured the stranger. "I'd better start that, too. I ordered mine twenty minutes ago." — *Sent by MILDRED CHUN, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

Puncture Prevention

PROFESSOR'S WIFE: Goodness, John, where did you get that lighted red lantern?

PROFESSOR: I picked it up. Some careless person left it out there by that hole in the road. — *Sent by MILDRED CHAPMAN, Georgetown, South Carolina.*



Sure Cure

COLLEGE STUDENT: Madam, let me sell you something to prevent roosters from crowing at daylight.

MRS. SUBURB: Yes, what is it?

COLLEGE STUDENT: An excellent recipe for chicken soup. — *Sent by ISABELLE ROSS, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

May Never Be

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiancé?"

"No, ma'am," she answered, "it ain't been in the wash yet." — *Sent by MARTHA NEWCOMB, Sassafras, Virginia.*

"Alice" Again

A Girl Scout was out in the woods on a hike when all of a sudden it started to rain. She did not wish to get her uniform wet so she crawled into a hollow log and waited for the shower to end. As the log became wet it swelled up, the Girl Scout became tightly wedged in it, and was unable to crawl out.

Night was coming on, and in spite of all her efforts she could not extricate herself. Thoughts of her past life flashed before her mind, and she suddenly recollects that she had not yet subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL, whereupon she felt so small that she crawled right out of the log! — *Sent by MARCIA ALPERT, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

Curtain!

BUNKO: John, I've lost my pocketbook.
JOHN: Have you looked in your pockets?
BUNKO: Sure, all but the left hand hip pocket.

JOHN: Well, why on earth don't you look there?

BUNKO: Because if it isn't there I'll drop dead. — *Sent by EDITH ARMSTRONG, Bihee, North Dakota.*



Pity the Turf

GOLFER: So, Brown, you have begun golf.

BROWN: Yes, seventy-two is my score.

GOLFER: What a fine beginner you are.

BROWN: But, never mind, I'll do better on the second hole! — *Sent by CATHERINE COLLINS, Washington, Pennsylvania.*



THE end of *The Laughing Princess* and the beginning of *The Hoodooed Inn* have caused a great deal of comment this month, most of it favorable, we are glad to say. Eleanor Coon of Rhinebeck, New York writes, "In my opinion *The House with the Cross-Eyed Windows* was the best story published until you printed *The Laughing Princess*. And I think *The Hoodooed Inn* is going to be even better. The illustrations are wonderful, just as was Robb Beebe's January cover. *The Laughing Princess* was marvelous. I was not really thrilled with the ending, but I liked it. The illustrations were lovely."

BETTY JANE HOPEWELL of Tekamah, Nebraska says, "I'm so sorry that *The Laughing Princess* ended because I loved it! Let's have some more stories by Mabel Clandan. I am awfully excited over *The Hoodooed Inn*. I am sure that it will prove one of the best serials run for a long time. The illustrations are too cute for words and the one of the worker hurrying from in front of the tombstone really sent shivers up and down my back. *Tell That to King* was too perfect for words and I was so excited while I was reading it that I pretty nearly got ninth period for showing too much enthusiasm during my free period at school the other afternoon. Let's have some more stories by Miss Mansfield."

"I WANT to congratulate the author of *The Laughing Princess*," writes Ruth Smith of Durham, North Carolina, "on that delightful story. In my opinion it ended just right. As a rule I don't care for that type of story but this one was splendid. Now comes something that I don't know whether to say or not, but couldn't we have a different kind of serial? I was rather disappointed in the beginning of *The Hoodooed Inn*. Of course I guess I'll change my opinion after I read several more parts, but it seems as if every serial we have, with the exception of *The Laughing Princess*, is about a haunted house or something, with the heroine finding some papers in a wall and so on. I love this kind but I would like something different."

BARBARA WAKEFIELD of Upper Montclair, New Jersey writes, "I just have to tell you how much I enjoyed this issue. It just came today but I've nearly finished it. I was just crazy about *The Laughing Princess*—it couldn't have been better. Let's have some more like it. *The Hoodooed Inn* is swell. I always have loved mysteries. I'm all spooked up already over the soggy graveyard." Ann Mosser of Glen-coe, Illinois says that *The Hoodooed Inn* isn't quite spooky enough for her, but she

Well, of All Things!

thinks Pan is a delightful character and looks forward to becoming better acquainted with her in the next instalments.

MIRIAM ALLEN BAISDEN of Sacramento, California writes, "I think *The Hoodooed Inn* is going to be perfect. I just love mystery stories and I really like the mischievous sign painter. Robb Beebe's illustrations are fine. I like them because they don't make the heroine beautiful, but just an ordinary girl. I liked the article about Katharine Hepburn lots, too. I didn't like her until I read that article. I've taken the magazine for quite a while and borrowed other people's before that. It seems as if it keeps getting better and better. I think the January cover was just grand—so clever and original."

SPEAKING of covers, Alison Brooks of Candler, North Carolina writes, "I might say that the cover of the latest issue is absolutely darling. From the *Well, of All Things!* page I gather that nearly every Girl Scout prefers Edward Poucher, but Robb Beebe for me every time." Robb Beebe's cover was just too cute," says Joan Reh of Brooklyn. "It catches the real spirit of the American high school girl, and makes it irresistible. And how I do envy the girl in ski trousers and eight-foot skis!" Lura Brown of Toledo, Ohio liked the February cover especially. She says she thought it was lovely, and liked the girl with the braids in particular. Lura wants more covers by Mrs. Campbell, and consequently will be glad to know that she has done the June cover for us. Those of you who want to know what has become of Patsy will be glad to see her back this month, and the often-requested Bender will appear again soon, too.

"THIS month's cover is grand," says Miriam Ratnofsky of New York. "It tells a story, as Edward Poucher's and Reverie Wistehuff's do." Dorothy Lensing of Antigo, Wisconsin says she considers the January cover even more striking than the December one, which she liked very much. Elinor Campbell of Glen Cove, New York says she likes Robb Beebe's and Poucher's

covers, but not Mrs. Campbell's, which she thinks looks much more artificial than real.

ADELE DE LEEUW'S story, *The Lucky Break*, scored a hit, too. June Steen of Elmira, New York writes that she particularly enjoyed it. June likes the characters very much. She says Alida's adventures are not commonplace, but yet they are not impossible. Irene Broitzman of Aberdeen, South Dakota writes, "I think *The Lucky Break* is one of the best stories that has been in THE AMERICAN GIRL. I hope we will have more of her stories." "*The Lucky Break* was just grand," writes Phyllis Moore of Cherrydale, Virginia. "It was so full of excitement and jolly times, I loved it. I wish we in America would give Christmas gifts the way the Dutch do." Mary Jane Olcott of St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin says, "THE AMERICAN GIRL is my favorite magazine. It improves with each issue. *The Lucky Break* was extra good, I think. It was different. I should like to see more stories in the magazine by Adele de Leeuw."

"I WANT to tell you how much I enjoyed the January issue," writes Dorothy Rogers of Huntington, New York. "The stories were simply grand, especially *The Lucky Break*. It had the spicy touch of a clever description writer. It was very different, too. I guess that's why I liked it so much."

WE have some very flattering letters about THE AMERICAN GIRL in general this month. Carroll Vigeant of Chicago writes that she thinks *The Hoodooed Inn* promises to be one of the best stories she has ever read. She loved the Katharine Hepburn article and liked the ending of *The Laughing Princess*, which she thought was the most unusual serial she has ever read. Carroll says, "I spent my vacation last summer in Nova Scotia. There were some boys from Boston there and one from Halifax. They enjoyed reading the stories in my July and August copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL as much as I did. They all pronounced them keen. I think it is awfully nice to know that a magazine can look and be so interesting that boys don't scorn it."

"I HAVE taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for about a year now and I'm wondering why I didn't order it long ago," writes Elaine Danzig of Minneapolis. "I especially like the Scatter and Jo Ann stories. My mother always makes a dash for the monthly article on cooking and I get the benefit of it by gobbling up, with no regard for manners, the results of her experiments."

When on the Marge of Evening

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odour are loosened from afar,
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark hath spoken,
On dim laburnum-blossoms, and morning's dying star,

I think of thee (o mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!),
Whose greater noonday splendours the many share and see,
While sacred and for ever, some perfect law is keeping
The late, the early twilight, alone and sweet for me.

"HAPPY ENDING"

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

APRIL • 1933



ELLEN WAKEFIELD'S FACE WAS WREATHED IN SMILES. "IT'S BEEN A GREAT DAY, THANKS TO YOU," SHE SAID

Horse of Another Color

ELLEN WAKEFIELD did not often entertain young men at breakfast, and her eyebrows lifted when, dressed for riding, she came downstairs to find Tank Beagle and Bilge Wyeth talking to her father over his coffee.

"Hi, Eagle Eye," welcomed Bilge, lifting six feet of lankiness out of a chair. "Not going to waste time with horses I hope, when there's work to be done down at the boatyard? You're not riding when you can talk boats."

"I certainly am, my friends. There's a Treasure Hunt on

By CHARLES G. MULLER

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

this morning, and I shouldn't miss that for anything on earth."

Ellen stumbled as she crossed to her place at table, and Tank laughed.

"Where'd you ever pick up those canal boats you're wearing?"

Ellen, whose slim legs were encased in well-worn spiral puttees from which protruded huge army brogues, reddened slightly and pointed toward her father. "They're his. That cat burglar who ransacked the house last week got away with my really swell boots. When do I get a new pair,



Dad? This rig is pretty terrible looking."

Ellen's father, laughing at her absurd costume, rose. "Whenever Chief of Police Corrigan catches the thief or the insurance company pays for the robbery. Not before!"

Tank Beegle's round face screwed up into a grin. "You won't need boots any more this year anyway. You'll be sailing with us from

now on. You'll be excited to get your hand on that tiller."

"But not today. So let me eat!" said the girl emphatically. "I'm late for the Treasure Hunt as it is. The club will all be leaving the academy in a few minutes."

Ellen should have suspected that something was afoot this lovely April morning. But she was just out of bed and her mind was filled with anticipation of a thrilling search for hidden clues and a treasure. While she busily attacked a grapefruit, the boys kept up a steady stream of conversation about boats. Bilge began to sketch on a pad of paper, and soon he had it covered with a maze of lines.

"You've got to help us decide whether to move the backstay runner like this," he was saying, "or to leave it the way it was last year. Captain Carter down at the yards says if we shift the—"

When Ellen, engrossed in the sailing problem in spite of herself, finally looked at her wrist watch, she let out a cry, pushed the boys aside, and dashed for the door. "I'm a half hour late! They'll be gone!"

She was right. The riding club had already started out from the academy, but Reynolds, the riding master, handed her a slip of paper. "Here's the first clue, Miss Wakefield," he said. "I know you'll soon catch up. You're so quick at spotting things."

The girl's sharp eyes had made a reputation for her among her friends. The nickname of Eagle Eye had been well won. And her eyes were alert now as a groom led a bay stallion from the stables. "You're not giving me that trick circus horse! Old Marceline!"

Reynolds pretended to be taken back. "Why, Miss Wakefield! Marceline and you are old friends. He's very fond of you."

Marceline's head darted forward, and only Ellen's nimble leap back enabled her to escape the nip of his sharp teeth.

"Fond of me, indeed! I've got one scar on my shoulder already to prove that!"

"Now, Miss Wakefield. You know biting's only a little mannerism of his."

"Mannerism!" With a laugh Ellen mounted. And with a wave, she left the stable yard.

Riding Marceline had one advantage, at least. On him, Ellen undoubtedly would catch up to the others in the Treasure Hunt group, for the bay was fast and fearless. He was a fine jumper, too. And there would be no need to go around walls when a short cut could be taken over a hedge or a stone fence. He would help her make up some of the time she had lost in that sailing discussion.

The first hunt direction was clear. "Go to the stone gate at Square Hill," were the typed words on the paper that Reynolds had handed Ellen.

Over dirt roads, through narrow paths, Ellen and Marceline trotted and cantered. A real feeling of spring was in

the air, and the girl reveled in the April sunshine. Brightly colored crocuses had peeped above ground on the lawns of some of the estates she passed. Grass was freshly green, and the forsythia was in full bloom. It was good to be riding through open country on a day like this.

Anxious to make up for lost time, Ellen let Marceline go at a lively gait, and it was not long before the pair reached the stone entrance to Square Hill. Poked into a crevice in one of the fieldstone pillars, Ellen found a second piece of paper. As she pulled this out, it struck her that apparently it had not been fingered very often. Could she be the first to reach this clue? That certainly did not seem likely.

"From here, take the first turn left after the fork. Go half a mile to Bartlett's Pond. Find fallen beech tree."

Memorizing the directions, Ellen carefully refolded the paper and shoved it back into the nook from which she had taken it. Her eyes looked over the ground. Strange there were no hoof prints here. Could she have ridden so much faster than the others that she was the first one to reach this point after all?

As she turned Marceline's head toward the fork in the road and then swung him off on the first path left, her mind was still puzzled as to how she could have made up the head start which the others had had. This horse of hers was fast, but surely not so fast as that. But finally she shrugged her shoulders. It was too fine a morning to bother about problems, too fine to worry or stew over anything. The only possible fly in the ointment was the enormous pair of shoes that weighted her feet. Looking down at them, where they rested in the stirrups, she laughed in spite of herself. They were funny. But her own boots would be much more comfortable.

Swiftly she trotted in the direction of Bartlett's Pond, and the closer she got to the little lake the more her brow knitted in a puzzled frown. For, now that she remembered, Bartlett's was a private lake. And it was on one of the few estates that up to now had not allowed the riding club permission to trespass. Yet once more Ellen refused to worry. Undoubtedly Reynolds finally had gained entrée to these grounds, and the Treasure Hunt of today was a surprise to everyone in the club.

Ellen's cheeks were flushed with the exercise and the wind. Her eyes were aglow as they wandered over the lovely landscape past which she rode. Budding trees and shrubs made the roadside bright with color, and squirrels and chipmunks scampered across her path. She noticed a dilapidated roadster parked well off the road a few hundred yards from the boundary of the Bartlett estate, and idly wondered if it had broken down that it should be left there alone. The country all around her had a deserted, empty look. Most of the estates had not yet been opened.

Over a low stone wall she jumped Marceline, landing easily on the soft meadow beyond. Quickly she rode toward the pond. But twice she had to circle it before she could find what even resembled a fallen beech tree, and then it was only a little sapling which appeared to be freshly cut.

"That can't be a fallen beech," Ellen told herself. But as there was no other tree lying on the ground around this little lake, she finally dismounted and examined it. Her eyes lighted. Just a tip of paper protruded from under the bark where the tree had been cut down. Ellen tugged at it.

Her fingers felt suddenly sticky, and she found that the under part of the paper was covered with pine pitch. She opened the note. Then the puzzled expression on her face turned to a scowl. For instead of a new clue, Ellen read:

"April Fool! This is one Treasure Hunt that's got you stuck!" It was signed: "With many happy returns of the day from Bilge and Tank."

Stuck! Ellen tried to wipe the pitch from her fingers. They would think that funny. And this was why that pair

of smarties had appeared at breakfast with their song and dance about re-rigging the boat. They had purposely made her late for the start of the hunt so that she could be given the false clue. That was why no one had been ahead of her at the stone gate. They had probably arranged with Reynolds to have her get the trick-fond Marceline, too. April Fool! She had been completely taken in! Why hadn't she remembered the date?

For several minutes Ellen just stood while conflicting thoughts raced through her mind. She would have given anything to lay hands on Bilge and Tank, to tell them just what she thought of their brilliant humor. Spoiling her entire day! Sending her off on a wild goose chase. Getting her into the middle of the Bartlett estate. All it needed now was for a watchman to chase her ignominiously off the grounds. The boys probably had also thought of that.

What to do next was something for Ellen to decide. If she rode back to the academy to get the real first clue, she never in the wide world would be able to make up the lost time. Better try to figure out where the club might be and try to join the group instead of trailing back to the stables where Bilge and Tank undoubtedly were waiting to laugh at her. But what direction to take? There was every point on the compass to choose from.

A frown on her otherwise lovely face, Ellen crumpled the sticky note into a ball and buried it, stamping the earth down hard. Her incongruous shoes stood out like great blobs at the ends of her legs. Everything was wrong on a day when everything had promised to be so right. And then she felt the sharp nip of teeth on her shoulder.

With a cry, Ellen twisted and slapped the long white nose of the horse that had grown tired of standing by. Marceline's head jerked up, and Ellen, seizing the reins,

gained the saddle and prodded the animal vigorously in the ribs. Marceline responded gayly and alertly in the tonic spring air.

"That's all it needed," she muttered angrily, "to make the picture complete—a bite from an old circus nag. Now run, you decrepit hack. I'll teach you to take pieces out of me!"

She gave a sharp kick, lifted the reins, and like a flash they were off. Up from the pond, through a small wood, and into a broad meadow they thundered. The girl's short hair blew around her head in brown clouds, and the horse's flanks grew wet and glistening in the sun as he galloped madly along. Ellen's anger melted in the thrill of their wild flight.

When finally she pulled him up, they were both breathing deeply, but she felt better. Her mind was crystal clear, and she knew she now could plan a fitting revenge on that pair of clowns who had tricked her into getting off the Treasure Hunt trail. Her eyes swept the meadow, and her heart gave a jump. She had been seen! There was movement up at the otherwise deserted Bartlett house. Ellen, calling down imprecations on the heads of Bilge and Tank, prepared to flee an outraged caretaker. Then her body stiffened.

For the moving figure that she saw was coming not from the side of the house—but from a second-story window!

If her mind had not been functioning clearly at breakfast, it now was clicking smoothly. Ellen knew at once that there, coming out of the Bartlett mansion, was the cat burglar to whom the entire town had been prey for more than a month. There was the man for whom Chief of Police Corrigan had offered a reward, for whom every policeman was alert day and night. Ellen (*Continued on page 34*)

ELLEN FOUND A SECOND PIECE OF PAPER. IT HAD NOT BEEN FINGERED VERY OFTEN. COULD SHE BE THE FIRST TO REACH THIS CLUE?



If You Want to Play



THIS SHOWS THE WAY TO GRASP A RACQUET FOR A FOREHAND SHOT. BE SURE YOURS IS THE RIGHT WEIGHT

THOUGH my purpose in writing these articles is to state the fundamental principles of tennis, some account of my own tennis career will, perhaps, help to illustrate the points I want to make.

To start with, I should like to say that tennis has never been my career in the sense of being my sole absorbing interest. My life has been very happy, very full, with tennis thrown in for good measure. How could a college girl, a young housekeeper, or a mother of five children—I have been all of these successively during the time of my championship play—give undivided attention to any sport? My days have been like those of thousands of American wives and mothers who grapple with the problems of home making and child rearing. I emphasize all this because of the encouragement it may afford to girls and women who think they have no time in their lives for any form of sport, and to avoid giving a false impression when I begin to discuss the game. Tennis, you will gather from the following pages, while it has not been the chief interest of my life, has been a stimulating pastime. My own tennis story, like any other, is made up of light and shade, of alternate victories and defeats. I do not know which helped me more. I know only that I enjoy the game, win or lose, and I firmly believe that that is the only spirit in which to play.

I Begin to Play

I was rather delicate as a child, so I was not allowed to stay in school for very long at a time, and was urged to play games, as an inducement to keep me out-of-doors. As a result, I developed a great fondness for many games, especially for playing ball. I still enjoy playing "catch," or throwing a ball against a wall, both of which, by the way, are good foundations upon which to build tennis skill. As there were few girls in our community, I usually played

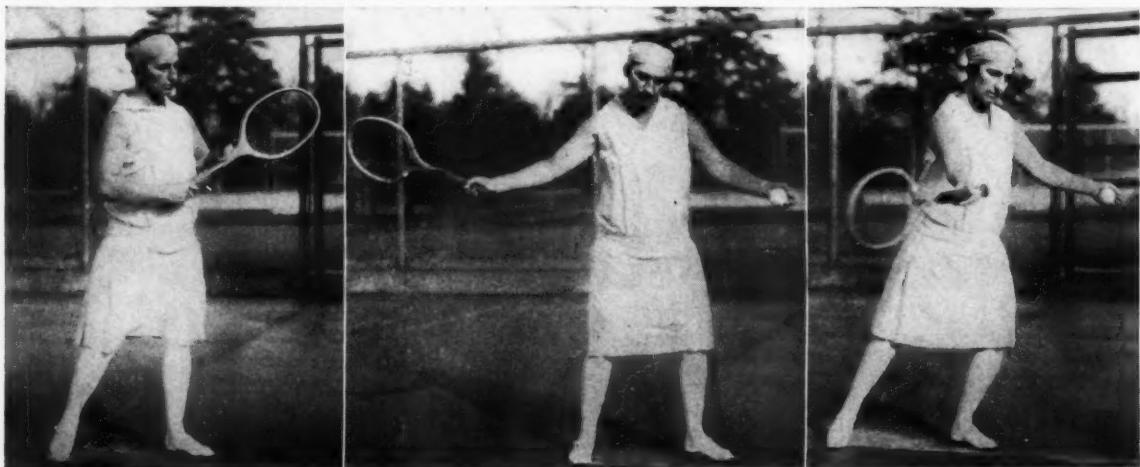
with my four brothers on their football and baseball teams. Everyone knows a girl is not wanted on a team of any kind unless she is a help, so I worked hard not to be classed as a "sissy" so that my brothers and their friends would continue to include me in their games.

When I was about fourteen, my family left Healdsburg, California, to go to live in Berkeley. It was from there that I was taken to San Rafael to see a match between the famous Sutton sisters, May and Florence. I showed an interest in the game, and the family decided that it would be good for me to play. So, in the summer of 1902, our backyard with its gravel surface became our practicing place.

Since the Suttons at that time played only from the back court, I had noticed that the ball crossed the net dozens of times before a point was scored, and had made the obvious reflection that the game would be more interesting, both to play and to watch, if the ball were now and then hit before bouncing. When I questioned my brother Homer about it, he replied that men played more aggressively, and soon after took me to see the Hardy brothers, Sam and Sumner, in a doubles match. Both were quick and played at the net, so that there was a lot of action, and I immediately tried to play the same way on our makeshift court in the backyard with a board for a net. In fact, because the gravel surface made the bounce of the ball uncertain, I tried only to volley to keep the ball in play, which was more fun than having to hunt for it continually among the roses and berry bushes. We used to try to keep the ball going up to forty, fifty, or a hundred times before missing, and I had to develop alertness and balance—two very necessary things in tennis.

Most of my early practice was done in this way off a court, and for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, but after a few months one of my brothers and I used to get up at five-thirty, and run up to the court at the University of California, a mile away, to arrive there before the crowd at six o'clock. Girls were not allowed to play after eight, so we had to go early to make sure of some time on the court. The next year a neighbor built a court and invited me to use it. I did my piano practicing in the mornings be-

FOREHAND DRIVE: ONE SHOWS GOOD FOOT POSITION—TWO, RACQUET SWUNG BACK—THREE, SHIFT OF WEIGHT TO FRONT FOOT AS THE



Tennis

WIGHTMAN

fore breakfast to be free for tennis in the afternoons. Having a court we could use freely was like a gift from heaven.

Advice to Beginners

I have spent much time during my tennis career coaching children and running tournaments for them and I feel that my own tennis life would have been incomplete without this association with them.

The things I learned in my early days are the things that every young tennis player must learn, and most of them—with the additional knowledge that came to me in my later years—I tell my pupils today, just as I shall tell you in these articles. First of all, if you want to play tennis well, it is important to choose clothes that are comfortable and permit freedom of movement. Flexible, rubber-soled shoes make starting, skipping, running and stopping much easier than shoes of a heavier type. Your racquet should feel comfortable to hold as to handle and weight, and must be evenly balanced. It is better to have a racquet too light than too heavy. Thirteen ounces or even lighter for young children is about right.

To my mind, the best way to begin practicing tennis is the way I did. Find a flat wall to bat a ball against, and familiarize yourself with the feel of the ball on the racquet. Just bouncing the ball on a sidewalk with a racquet gives control and freedom in using this new implement. A very young child will instinctively take a grip that is suitable to the size of her hand and will develop every stroke by lots of practice. Older people try to imitate champions and sometimes do not come out so well without suggestions. That is why it is well to begin to play tennis early in life.

When you have hit hundreds of balls, you will probably



BESIDES BEING A TENNIS CHAMPION, MRS. WIGHTMAN IS PROMINENT AS A TEACHER

have learned how important balance is and may never need to be told anything about foot work, which is the foundation of tennis just as it is of golf.

But try to remember that every shot in tennis is made by first throwing the body weight back onto your right foot for forehand, always keeping your (Continued on page 46)

RACQUET SWINGS FORWARD—FOUR, FOLLOW THROUGH



"I made my start in major doubles competition with Mrs. Wightman," says Helen Wills, "and she helped me tremendously. She is marvelous in the way she does things. She knows her opponents and her partner"

Corned Beef Hash

By ERICK BERRY



CYNTHIA LEANED
ON THE RAIL.

Illustrations by
Ruth King

THE LITTLE French girl who had kept on her gloves and had read, in silence, a paper-covered copy of Anatole France all the way from Cherbourg, let down the window, leaned out to wave a violent, beckoning hand and shouted, "Porteur! Porteur!"

Cynthia waited patiently but as the other seemed in no haste to give up her place at the window, the American finally leaned over her shoulder and beckoned in similar fashion. The long train slid gently to a stop and a score of stout little blue-smocked men seemed to spring from the ground and began taking baggage from the open windows.

Cynthia captured the eye of Number 972—a beady black eye above a red nose and a moustache that would have done honor to *The Beggar's Opera*. She gulped "Taxi!"—thank goodness there was one word that meant the same in several languages—at which he grinned cheerfully and slung her paint box and suitcase on a heavy strap over one shoulder. The other hand grasped her neighbor's baggage and the whole strange and unwieldy combination loped off down the station platform. Was he gone for good? Better follow that French girl, Cynthia decided. She seemed unconcerned. Oh, one had to give up the ticket here, and there was the porter again. No more Customs; that had been all cleared up earlier in the morning.

The street met her with a blast of warm July air, a dazzle of sunlight and such a medley of strange noises, taxis hooting in a new high key, shrill-pitched voices, mingled shouts and confusion that she stood for a moment bewildered and lost. Horrid luck that no one she knew from the boat had been coming to Paris on this train! Too bad!

Then Cynthia saw that her bag and paint box had been piled into a taxi, like a shiny black beetle and the blue-smocked one waited for his *pourboire*. She tipped him ten francs. Was that too much or too little? She had been warned that, in either case, he would glare but this one smiled, muttered "Merci!" and departed. The hotel address was written on a card and Cynthia had only to show that to the driver, hop in, and they were off.

"Well, so this is Paris!"

Well—Cynthia giggled nervously. To be really here, to have arrived safely, all by herself. That was something. Paris!

She sighed and relaxed back against the cushions, closed her eyes for a moment. Oh, the taxi was stopping. Her eyes popped open. Just a little policeman in a toy soldier cape and a white stick with which he seemed miraculously to hold up this mad traffic. Off again. She shut her eyes once more. New smells—hot asphalt, violets, damp warm air, something cooking, other things. She just couldn't keep her eyes shut.

The car was running along gray cobbles between gray houses, high and incredibly ancient. Tall plane trees leaned out over gray walls that held in a silvery stream—the Seine. A little gay colored steamer like a miniature ferryboat hooted and put off from a landing. Cynthia wanted to hug it all at once, to pinch herself to be sure she was here. (How she wished Judy could see it, and Chick, dear Chick. This was to have been their honeymoon. He'd be over shortly, a few weeks at the most. And meanwhile there was work to be done and a language to learn and Nancy and Mrs. Brewster to see, and covers to be done for *Little Ones' Magazine*.)

Was that, could that possibly be Notre Dame over there to the left? And the Eiffel Tower clear ahead, misty against the sunny sky? She had seen it as they came in on the train. Really Paris! "Not a motion picture!" chuckled Cynthia. And tomorrow she could go and see it all for herself.

Then a second bridge, *Place St. Michel*. And a swift turn to the left into a narrow street where noises echoed back from the high stone houses to right and left. They drew up before a door and a boy in a horizontal-striped waistcoat and white shirt sleeves came out from the hotel entrance. Here was her home in Paris.

Inside at the little brass-railed desk they had a key for her room and a letter from Mrs. Brewster, who had made her reservations for her. There was a little cage-like elevator into which one squeezed, barely avoiding the folding doors, and then up, up, like a wobbly balloon, a hallway musty and dark and at last a tall room with two high French windows opening on to a small balcony.

"Yes, this will do nicely," said Cynthia in her best French. And so moved into Paris.

With the door closed Cynthia sat down to catch her breath. So much had happened in the last half hour, she had seen so much that was new and strange and lovely. "I suppose there are people that live in Paris all the time and take it as a matter of course," she told herself. "And I suppose I shall get to take it that way, too, after a bit. But now it's all rather frightening. I wonder if I can make myself understood, I wonder if I shall get lost, I wonder—oh goodness, how shall I order meals! I forgot my words."

There was one last resource. Someone on the boat had

given Cynthia the address of a governess who taught English and French, a number not far off on the *Boulevard St. Michel*. It was nice to know that she had a few contacts in this strange city. There was Mr. Culbert too, with whom she must get in touch right away. He was the editor of *Little Ones' Magazine*, back in New York, but he was over here now on business and it was Cynthia's contract for a number of covers for the magazine, each painting to be a portrait of a foreign child, that had brought her across the ocean from New York to Paris.

But here, too, was something a bit worrisome. How was one going to get a model, most of all a child model, in a strange language in a strange city? Cynthia's purse was already alarmingly flat. She must get to work on that first cover almost immediately, and in the meantime ask Mr. Culbert for an advance, if possible.

Now she leaned on the balcony rail and watched the sunset light fade against the ancient, backward-leaning house-fronts across the narrow *rue*. Eight o'clock was not far off and she must soon confess to an increasing hunger. Cynthia hated to admit to herself that she dreaded that first meal alone, that she even doubted her ability to find her way back home, once she had set foot off the hotel doorstep. But it must be tackled. She couldn't put off dinner until breakfast time!

A short way up the *Boulevard St. Michel* she found little iron topped tables with red and white checked covers fluttering behind a dusty box hedge. It was quiet, and pleasantly remote from a small band that was playing lustily just around the corner. Funny about those bands. She had passed three since she left her room and another had started to play beneath her balcony just as she closed her door. All that street music was certainly too amazing.

The menu was all she had feared—in dim, violet ink in a sloping Spencerian hand on a limp bit of paper. The waiter placed a napkin beside her, a fork and knife beside the napkin. Cynthia looked about wildly, then decided she hadn't the moral courage to rise and depart. Well, here goes!

"Bring me some of that, and that, and that!" she directed, pointing near the center of the page. She felt safe. The main body of a meal generally came toward the center of the menu. Then she sat back, wondering what he would produce, and hoping it would be a large juicy steak with, perhaps, a delicately browned mushroom or two on top.

It proved to be a strange piece of cold, pink meat, swimming in a bath of yellow oil, hardly edible in appearance. Certainly she was not hungry enough to attempt to eat it. After a long time the waiter seemed to appreciate that she had finished with that course and brought her some hot, boiled potatoes. These were more palatable and were assisted by the bread. The last course proved to be something wrapped in tinfoil and served with a large salt shaker. This was the best yet, for it was a delicious cream cheese and the salt shaker contained powdered sugar to go with it.

"I suppose," thought Cynthia as she wandered home again, "I really have eaten. I wish I weren't still so hungry! But at least that meal was cheap and that's important at the moment." She continued, however, to think of hot beef-steak, of hot muffins and hot chicken pies, and what she couldn't do to a plate of ham and eggs! Tomorrow she'd try another place. Perhaps that hadn't been a good example of French cooking.

As she strolled slowly back toward the hotel all the little bands were going full force and Cynthia noticed that peo-



OH, THIS WAS GLORIOUS! CYNTHIA'S FINGERS FLEW TO GET IT ALL DOWN BEFORE IT COULD DISSOLVE. SHE WAS THRILLED!

ple were beginning to dance, under the lights, on the hard cobbled pavements to the jiggling, monotonous tunes. She leaned for a while against the closed iron shutter of a shop and watched the gay crowds gather. They seemed very happy. Was it some celebration, she wondered, or did French people always dance like this in the evening? The musicians beneath her window were in fine fettle, tooting and sawing and bumping away at no particular tune but just a sort of penny whistle noise with a strongly marked rhythm for the dancers.

She sat in her window watching them until she got so sleepy she could no longer keep her eyes open then, deciding they'd probably keep it up pretty late, until ten or maybe eleven, crawled into bed. It had been a long day since Cherbourg that morning and in spite of the band, which surely must stop before midnight, she thought she could sleep.

But the monotonous, tuneless sound seemed to go round and round and round inside her head. She dreamed that she was waltzing rapidly with the *garçon* of the striped waistcoat, with Madame in her black taffeta dress and wide gold chain, then woke to hear the band still scraping and bumping merrily. Fogily she struggled out of bed and closed first the heavy wooden shutters, then the window and went back to sleep with her head hot under the bed clothes. Twice she woke again at odd hours but always that rhythm penetrated the darkness.

Then she woke again. Surprisingly, all was still. How blissful that was! She was sure the musicians had stopped only a short time ago and waited tensely to see if they would start again. But there was no sound. Then rolling over with aching head she saw that light streamed from between the chinks of the shutters and that her watch said seven o'clock. She felt she had not had an hour's sleep.

She opened her window and went back to bed and slept

THE GIRL CONTINUED TO CHATTER IN FRENCH, WHILE CYNTHIA, FEELING QUITE FAMISHED, LOOKED AS BLANK AS A BRICK WALL.



Ruth King

until nine. Then she wandered out to find breakfast. Only a persistent gnawing hunger had made her get up at all.

Strangely enough none of the restaurants seemed to be open. She peered in at two, between the drawn net curtains, to see chairs piled on empty tables and boys washing down the floors. Then, rounding a corner, Cynthia came full on the Seine between its gray stone banks and a gray stone bridge beyond which loomed, full in the sunlight, the twin towers of Notre Dame de Paris. Oh, lovely!

Along the embankment were the tiny stalls of the book sellers, all closed now. Didn't Paris people go to work until noon, she wondered?

Then at the end of the block, facing a small open square she saw a sign which read "Coffee and Chocolate". Here, perhaps, she could get some sort of meal. Outdoors, under a gay striped awning she found a little wicker table with a red and white top, and wicker chairs; and a big black cat with a white bib and green eyes gave her welcome with purrs and ankle rubbings. This was going to be jolly. She stammered her desire for chocolate and learned that "little breads" and butter could also be procured, and that little breads were really crisp warm rolls.

Notre Dame faced her, serene, solid, impregnable. When breakfast was over she'd go across and visit the church and stroll along by the river. This must be the famous Left Bank, where all the artists and students lived.

The cat rubbed, purring, about the table and a small boy, with eyes as softly dark as the cat's fur and clad in a diminutive smock of black, with a small black beret perched on his dark curls, came out to stare solemnly at this stranger. Cynthia buttered a piece of roll and offered it to him. With a shy "Merci!" muttered in an oddly deep voice he took it, bolted it, and watched the next mouthful. Cynthia grinned at him, ate a bit herself and gave him, thereafter, alternate bites. By the time two rolls were finished and the big pitcher of hot chocolate was drained to the last sweet drop, the small boy had smiled also, had told her that his name was Nono, and that he lived here. Here at last was a friend. Tomorrow she'd bring a sketch book to breakfast.

When tomorrow came Nono appeared, along with his black cat, for more bits of warm roll. But this time he smiled immediately, crinkling his dark eyes with an amused and delightful welcome. When his father brought the chocolate he said something in brief reproof, but Cynthia protested. "Let him stay," she begged and displayed her sketch book.

The man grinned and nodded. He knew about artists, and explained to the boy that he must sit still for mademoiselle. Whereat Nono climbed into one of the café chairs and, grasping firm hold the huge and somewhat reluctant cat, proceeded to demonstrate that he was born to be an artist's model.

Oh, this was glorious! Cynthia's fingers flew to get it all down before it could dissolve and when the cat finally went calmly to sleep and Nono continued to sit immovable, wide-eyed, minutes on minutes, Cynthia became more and more thrilled. It was going to be a honey of a sketch. She wondered if, maybe, colors tomorrow—

At last she nodded to the child. He laughed and stretched and dumped the sleeping cat from his knees. Cynthia put two francs in his small hand. Was that, she wondered, too much, or too little? It was what her breakfast had cost her. Apparently, by his reception, it was all right.

"Tomorrow?" she asked in French and pointed toward the chair again.

"Oui, oui, demain" agreed Nono.

That was on Sunday. Saturday had not been strikingly successful. For some (*Continued on page 38*)

When Spring is Here

Beret or brim, beret or brim?

Then the great question is:

How shall we trim?

SOME people date spring by the calendar; some by the first bluebird. But I imagine that a good many of you never feel that it has really come until you get a new spring hat.

Spring hats have a lightsomeness that the millinery of no other season offers. When at last you discard your heavy and probably shabby winter headgear and clap on your new spring topper, it does something that is pleasantly effervescent to the spirit. Am I right—oh, wearers of hats?

The immediate problem then, as I see it, is to decide on what manner of hat it shall be this spring. You can be brimmed or brimless with equally good style. It depends mostly on which type is more becoming to you, for the beret may be formal or informal and the brim may be sports or dress.

Certain rules for becomingness are always good, however, regardless of style trends. Crowns, for example, should be carefully scaled to your face in height and width. If you have a long face, avoid too much height. If you have a broad face, be sure that your crown is wide enough to balance it. Brims are particularly valuable in counteracting irregular features, a big nose or eyeglasses. If you wear glasses be sure that your brim comes out in front enough so that the lenses do not reflect light. If your nose is prominent it is extremely important to get enough width at the sides of your hat.

Plump girls with short necks should avoid brims that turn down too far and make their necks look thicker and their shoulders higher. Girls with long necks should beware of little hats with up-trimmings that intensify the vertical lines of their heads.

The most practical hat of any time, and the best styled hat at the present, is the plain hat. You can wear a simple beret or a little brimmed hat with a band with almost any type of costume whereas if you choose a much trimmed hat or a hat with more formal complicated lines, you are pretty well limited to wearing it with your suit, say, or your Sunday frock.

The color of your hat is terribly important if you want to look well all the time, and still be economical. If you may have one hat for spring and one for summer, I should unhesitatingly say that you'd better select a dark spring hat—beret or brim—to match your spring coat, and a light straw hat with a brim for the sun's sake to go with your summer frocks. A natural colored panama or baku with changeable bands is an extremely practical choice since it can be worn



Hats from "The Young New Yorkers' Shop," Lord and Taylor, New York, N. Y.

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell

with practically any type of summer dress—and any color.

Of course the spring hat, if it's cleverly chosen, can also be worn all summer as an alternate with your coat, suit or flowered silk dress. Almost every girl nowadays owns a felt beret and this comes in pretty handy for sports, rainy days, or any days when other hats do not quite fill the bill. As a matter of fact, I've known lots of well-dressed girls who seemed to get along famously with only a beret for any and all occasions, although this, of course, is heresy to the hat makers.

The four hats that I have chosen to show you from The Young New Yorkers' Shop are quite representative of the sorts of hats you'll have to select from this spring. Two of them are of the brimmed school, and two are of the brimless variety.

The felt is, as you'll see, the classic type of sports hat that goes on being good every season but is particularly favored this spring. You can wear it in dark shades with informal tweeds or jerseys, or with your more formal spring suit or coat. In light colors, it's marvelous with light silk or wool sports dresses.

The sports straw is similar in line and the perfect lightweight hat for summer wear with silks, light wools or cottons. Like the other hat you can get it in a wide variety of shades. It's the sort of hat I suggested in natural tone to be varied with different colored bands.

The little fez shows an amusingly youthful adaptation of the squared-head look that older women have been affecting. This is definitely a formal hat for the spring coat or suit and not so suitable for the younger girl as for the girl older than sixteen.

The pert little soutache hat with feather shows what an enterprising milliner can do with imagination and a beret. This, too, is rather upper 'teens style and more formal than the brimmed hats that I have shown. If you're a younger girl, I think I should advise either brims or plainer berets. Simple berets come in crochet or soutache in a variety of light and bright colors.

Patsy Flies Incog.

FROM the very moment when she alighted from the great transport plane that had brought her West, and set her feet on the ground at the Pacific coast terminal, Patsy knew she was going to love California. But when she had disentangled herself from the medley of arms and kisses and cries of welcome that represented her cousin, Susan Robinson, and had acknowledged properly the introductions to Susan's friends, John and Jean Earle, who were also of the throng at the airport, the first thing she said was, "Where do they make the movies?"

"Oh, my dear, it's only a few minutes from our place——" began Susan when Jean cut in with, "And only yesterday I was buying a new sweater when who should come in and buy one *exactly* like it but Nancy Carroll——" Then Susan was again in the ascendant, "And dad was saying he would get studio passes right away because, of course, you would want to see it all——" when the rather hectic conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the waiting car.

As they rode on, Patsy, who had been turning from side to side, and sight to sight, until she felt actually dizzy, had not been able to say more than, "Really!" and, "How wonderful!" and, "Isn't it beautiful!" all this time. As indeed she could without dissimulation, for the landscaped streets, the handsome houses and gardens, the smart shops, the general air of crisp warm vitality and excitement, under the golden sunshine, made it seem as enchanting and as incredible as a magnificent stage setting.

She especially regarded with lively admiration an imposing stone gateway blanketed with magenta *Bugenvillaea* blossoms and leading to a drive bordered with fragrant oleanders and waving palms. In the distance a stucco house of rambling Spanish architecture stood on a little knoll and flaunted rust red awnings over terraces and balconies.

"What a perfectly keen place!" she remarked. "Do you know who lives there?"

A chorus of giggles greeted this as the little roadster turned in between the stone pillars and trundled, bouncing, up the drive.

"Who lives here?" repeated Susan laughing. "Well, you do, for one!"

By this time they had reached the entrance where two Chinese men-servants stood behind a brown-eyed, smiling woman who looked so much like Susan that they might have been sisters rather than mother and daughter.

"Oh, Aunt Betty!" cried Patsy leaping out of the roadster and into her arms. "What a perfectly heavenly place you live in. I thought it must belong to some moving picture person!" Her aunt laughed.

"Well, dad always says it's no fun selling palaces to movie stars if one can't have a decent cottage oneself," remarked Susan cheerfully. Then she linked arms with Patsy on one side and Jean on the other, and they followed her mother into the house.

"Lunch is ready," said Mrs. Robinson. "We're having it in the patio today, the terrace is so warm at noon. You must be starved, Patsy, since I suppose you're never airsick. And you look so spick and span that it seems foolish to ask if you want to freshen up first."

"Yes, traveling in the air certainly does away with dust and cinders," agreed Patsy. "And I am awfully hungry, now that I'm reminded. But I do love this house. It is like something in a story."

She was gazing at the great, lofty hall with the rich antique Spanish shawls and vestments thrown over bal-

conies, the huge, carved chests that hinted of pirate loot and the mellow floor-tiles strewn with faded jewel-colored rugs.

Susan and her mother exchanged a smile of understanding as Susan took her cousin's arm. "Suppose you take Patsy up to her room," said Mrs. Robinson, "and if she doesn't like it, she may choose any of the other guest rooms instead."

So Patsy, expectant and mystified, ran up the shining staircase with her cousin, passed along the gallery, and came to an arched doorway.

"Shut your eyes," said Susan, as they paused here, "and don't open them until I say so."

Delighted at the fairy tale atmosphere, Patsy did as she was told, and took a few cautious steps, led by Susan's hand. "Now, open your eyes," commanded her cousin.

Actually holding her breath, Patsy obeyed and then, at what she saw, uttered a long "ooooooooob" of sheer delight. Never had she even imagined such a lovely room as that before her: floor tiled in delicate blue and green, walls tinted in turquoise and lilac, an alcove raised above the floor upon which was a painted Spanish bed, old ivory in color, Castilian in type and decorated with angels and coats



"NO WONDER YOU'RE A Flier YOURSELF," HE SAID SMILING. IT

of arms. There were old painted chests to serve as bureau and dressing table, a velvet covered bench, mirrors of clear glass in antique gold frames, and a charming small Madonna in blue robes in a wall niche. Tall windows led to a balcony garlanded with flowering vines.

"Oh, I love it, I love it!" exclaimed Patsy at last, and Susan smiled.

"Mother said it was the room for a golden-haired girl," she remarked, "and it's yours as long as you are in California—you know we hope that will be all summer," she added, hugging Patsy.

"I feel like a moving picture star," she said to her cousin.

"And that reminds me," Susan returned, as they started downstairs to luncheon, "are you really *thrilled* about the movies—do you want *terribly* to act?"

"Act?" snorted Patsy. "Certainly not! Why, I'd absolutely perish if I had to play a part in front of a camera!"

"But you seem so interested," pursued Susan. "Yet you don't seem interested, in a way. Are you keen about some special star?"

"No, I don't really pay much attention to stars," explained Patsy. "I never read movie magazines and follow up their weddings and all that, as some girls do but I'll tell you, Susan—there's one thing in the movies I admire more than anything else, and I'm *crazy* to see it done—that's stunt flying. I never miss a picture that has aviation in it, because it is really wonderful training in a way. Whenever I see the flying those men do (and remember, Susan, we usually don't even know their names), well, whenever

I see it I decide that I still have a lot to learn, and if I watch them carefully I may learn some of it. And I want to."

By this time the girls had reached the patio and the luncheon table, where Mrs. Robinson and Jean and John were waiting. Susan lost no time in telling the assembled group what Patsy had said, much to the embarrassment of the girl flier. Her aunt, noticing it, passed the matter off quickly, remarking that Patsy would certainly see plenty of movies being made. Then the conversation moved to news of her family back home, for Mrs. Robinson had not been East for a long time, and Patsy had been a little girl when her aunt and Susan had visited at her home in New England.

When lunch was over Patsy expected they would sit on the terrace, or look at the garden with its charming swimming pool under a flower-laden pergola, but she had reckoned without the western vim and vigor which these friends and relatives possessed. Hardly had they risen from the table when Susan said, "Let's go over to the Barton's and play tennis. Patsy would love it. You play, Patsy, don't you? Got your sneakers with you?" all in a breath.

So Patsy found herself being whirled away to another handsome house where she met bevvies of chattering girls and assorted youths, and found herself involved in a trip to a third place for a swim before the afternoon was over. But she was a little homesick with it all. She was glad to get back to her relatives' home, and to find a hearty family welcome, not only from her aunt but from her uncle, Halstead Robinson.

Though the Spanish grandeur of the place still made her feel as if there ought to be an orchestra somewhere, and as if actors and actresses in appropriate costume might appear at any instant, it seemed rather like home. She especially enjoyed the haven of her own room as she dressed for dinner. In one corner of the closet her leather flying coat and tweed breeches and suede helmet had been hung with a neatness to which they were quite unused. Patsy fondly regarded the somewhat shabby, oil-stained and dust-spotted garments as she took down the flowered chiffon frock she meant to wear for dinner.

"Never mind, old dears," she said to the flying clothes. "We'll be having a good time together again soon."

As she prepared for dinner, she wondered how long it would be before she could fly again, and she resolved to make arrangements at the nearest airport the very next day. Her own little plane was thousands of miles away, waiting idly in its hangar for her return.

But her plans were all upset, as was often the case with Patsy, for at dinner the subject of her admiration for stunt fliers for the movies was again introduced by Susan. Mr. Robinson listened with interest, as if making a plan.



WOULD BE IN THE BLOOD—AND I'LL BET YOU'RE A GOOD FLIER, TOO. WHAT'S YOUR RATING?

"Why, Patsy," he said, "you have arrived in the nick of time. One of the companies is making a most important aviation picture. I'll take you to the lot tomorrow, and see that you don't miss anything."

"But, Dad," protested Susan, "I was going to take Patsy to the country club for that tea Margy is giving——"

"Never mind," interrupted her father. "There will always be teas and country clubs but there may not be another picture like this in years. What do you say, Patsy?" He winked at her. Patsy, little suspecting what surprises lay ahead and who had listened with dismay to Susan's plans for another day that promised to be as hectic as the afternoon just passed, agreed with him. She managed to get to bed early and asleep instantly. She awakened to find sunshine streaming in under the Venetian blinds and Susan—as energetic as if she lived on a diet of vitamin D.

"Got to get an early start for the place where the movies grow," she proclaimed cheerfully. "Dad's going to give up the day to it. He's downstairs already—listen!" Surely enough a masculine voice, rather off key, was shouting a popular song.

With amazing speed, Patsy was up, bathed and looking very charming in a blue knitted frock and beret when she arrived at breakfast a few moments later.

"I suppose you and dad will moon around the sets all day," Susan remarked to Patsy as they left the breakfast table, "but I'm coming home right after lunch. We'll have that on the lot, with oodles of movie people eating all around us. Maybe it will be fun after all."

It was evident that Susan wavered between genuine interest in the movie stars and her feeling that, as a native daughter, she should take them as a matter of course. But Patsy was honestly not interested in leading women or famous actors.

Nevertheless, she could not help being thrilled with the whole amazing atmosphere of the place when at last they arrived and Mr. Robinson, after various conferences with executives, led them out to the "location" with an official guide from the studios as additional escort. They passed sets where every manner of scene, from Park Avenue drawing rooms to Paris night clubs, were being photographed, but though Susan was manifestly thrilled, in spite of the fact that it was not new to her, Patsy was impatient to get to the field where flying sequences were being made.

There a great steel hangar formed a background for a line of airplanes, old and new, odd and splendid. There were wartime Fokkers and Camels, Bleriot and Jennies, cherished carefully for their value in war flying films, and there were also modern planes, some shabby, and destined for planned crashes, others models of efficiency. Not far away was the scene of the film, buildings that seemed real, when photographed, but which were only imitations to the actual observer. And here the attractive young star was going through a tender scene with her leading man, a handsome young fellow in breeches, boots and leather coat who carried a flying helmet in his hand.

Patsy knew quite well that the hero was not actually a flier. Although the camera might show him seated in a plane, it would be some expert pilot who actually took off and did the air work. As the double, this man received no credit on the program when the film was released. But the story of the picture, as outlined in a whisper by their studio guide, was so confused and diverse that she hardly followed the plot details. It had

to do with war "flash backs", mail flying heroes, mysterious missions, romance and misunderstanding. Indeed, she hardly listened, her mind instead on the distant line of planes, until she heard the narrator say, "and then this girl, she jumps in an airplane and goes after him, because she knows the danger."

"What girl jumps in the plane?" asked Patsy at this. "Do you mean this star can actually fly?"

"Aw no!" said their informant, "but that's the way it looks in the pitcher."

Patsy became even more thoughtful but made no more comments. In a few moments the group of cameramen, directors, script girl and other people broke up at the cry of "Cut!" and Mr. Robinson led them over to meet the director.

"Hello, Vandervelde," he said, as the individual whose megaphone and imagination were responsible for every movement of the actors and cameras came up to them. "Here's a girl who flew all the way from the East to make sure you did the right thing by aviation in this picture." And he presented Patsy with such a flattering account of her prowess as a pilot that she blushed crimson. Mr. Vandervelde knew Susan, of course, and introduced them all to the featured players in the cast. Then he escorted them to where Russell Adams, the chief of the stunt pilots was waiting for his signal to "double" for the hero. He stood alert beside his plane, while a mechanic warmed up the motor. To the muffled roar of its eight mighty cylinders, Patsy was introduced to the slim, diffident appearing man, famous for his war flying and his fearless "crack-ups" before the camera. She had heard her father speak of him as an old comrade in the British flying service, and told him so. He responded with enthusiasm at meeting a daughter of Pat Todd, ace of the Royal Flying Corps.

"No wonder you're a flier yourself," he said smiling. "It would be in the blood—and I'll bet you're a good flier, too. What's your rating?"

"I'm all set for transport, as soon as I'm eighteen," she told him. "But, of course, I can only be commercial until then. I've had over three hundred hours, though."

"What do you mean—three hundred hours?" queried her uncle. Patsy and Adams looked at him pityingly.

"It means that amount of time in the air, and entered in your log book," explained Patsy patiently. "You need ten hours of solo flying before you can have your private license, the lowest grade, and two hundred to be rated transport, the highest, and others in between."

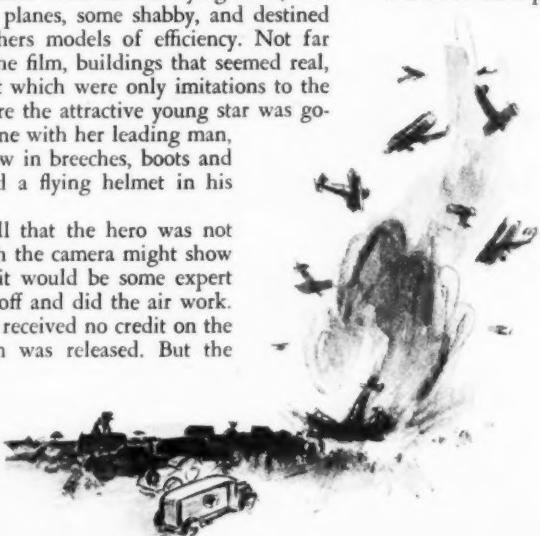
The chief stunt pilot had been rubbing his chin thoughtfully as she spoke, his eyes on the ground. Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Know aerobatics, I suppose?"

"Of course," said Patsy, "I've had the whole works. In fact, I looped before I could make a decent landing. I learned to fly under Phil Gowan, who was with the Lafayette Escadrille, and dad never interfered, not even when we did whip stalls and Immelmans."

"How many types have you flown?" continued the pilot. "Do you mind high landing speed?"

Patsy shook her head.

"My own ship is a Moth," she answered, a bit wistfully as she thought of her little white plane, which she called *The Tumbleweed*, at the field so far away. "But I've flown a dozen others—cabin and open jobs; (Continued on page 39)



Cover Your Screen with Covers

By WINIFRED MOSES

STANDING IN THE CORNER OF YOUR TROOP ROOM TO HIDE AN UNSIGHTLY CUPBOARD, OR IN THE HALL OF YOUR GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE, THIS "AMERICAN GIRL" SCREEN WILL BE COLORFUL AND USEFUL.



Photograph by Barnaba, New York, N. Y.

HERE is an old French riddle for you. Can you guess it, even though it loses pungency in translation?

I resemble neither plants nor trees,
But I bear leaves throughout the year.
You see me when the frosts increase,
And in the spring I disappear.

The illustration furnishes the answer—a screen, of course—that omnipresent guard for every occasion and purpose.

In France the screen was and is used as a *paravent*, that is, "a shield from the wind." If you have ever spent a winter in France and lived in a house with French windows, which permit the winds to enter at top and bottom, both sides and the middle, you will admit that this is an excellent name for a screen, and you will also somewhat better understand the riddle.

The screen has had a very interesting career; it has always been useful. In Japan, its original home, the walls of the house are made of sliding screens. The rooms may be made larger or smaller at will, or the whole side of the house removed to admit sun and air—an excellent idea for a fine climate.

In England, too, the screen was a useful piece of furniture, especially in the old days when the great halls were heated only by fireplaces which, huge though they were, warmed only a small part of the room. It served to protect the backs of those sitting in front of the fire from draughts that assailed them from the rear.

In other parts of Europe it was used sometimes as a partition to divide large rooms into smaller ones when extra guests arrived and there weren't enough bedrooms to

go around. It also separated the small beds in the nursery.

In America the screen has served all these purposes. Today, while it may not be so much in evidence as in former times, it still has more uses than any other four pieces of furniture.

And that is why I suggest that your troop create one of these four-in-one pieces of furniture as your contribution to your troop room or your Little House this year. Your screen may be not only useful and decorative but may become one of the heirlooms of the house.

The first step in making your screen is to consider its purpose. Is it to be wholly decorative? Is it to conceal an unattractive corner? Is it to serve as a semi-partition to divide up the larger living room into smaller areas? Or is it to be a protection from draughts, heat or sunshine?

In the next place, your screen must harmonize with the rest of the furnishings in the room in which it is to dwell. Then comes the actual making which takes time, patience, and careful workmanship.

The easiest and perhaps the best way—but usually the most expensive—is to buy a covered screen and then decorate it. The next shortest route is to buy a frame, measure the panels, buy beaver board and have a carpenter cut it into panels to fit the frame. These panels are then fastened to the frame with nails two inches apart and the nail holes filled with plastic wood. They may be painted or sized and covered with wall paper, or decorated with maps, silhouettes, decorative papers, botany prints, or magazine covers. This is also a fairly expensive screen but it is very durable. I would advise your getting it, if you can afford it, especially if you are making a screen to which you expect to give

hard usage or which you wish to hand down to posterity.

Each of the panels of the screen illustrated measures two by five feet. One carpenter wanted ten dollars for the ten panels and another four dollars and seventy cents, so I looked around for a less expensive background.

I found that good heavy brown wrapping paper heavily coated with glue sizing made a very satisfactory background. It takes more time, is more difficult to work with and, of course, is not nearly so strong as the beaver board, but unless the screen is banged against sharp corners or receives other rough usage the brown paper will answer all practical purposes, and it costs twenty-five cents. Pasting the brown paper on strips of old sheeting, unbleached muslin or newspaper or using two layers of paper makes a much stronger screen than the single layer but, of course, it means more work.

For one side of my screen I chose the covers of THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine, partly because they are so lovely in themselves, partly because they would appeal to every Girl Scout, and partly because a screen covered with these pictures would be appropriate for any Girl Scout Little House or troop room or for any girl's own room.

The screen required about sixty covers for the three panels. If a troop hasn't so many the brown paper may be covered with a good plain wall paper and three covers used at the top of each panel.

I covered the other side of my screen with wall paper and gave it a coat of orange shellac. If you wish, you may cover the other side of yours with those pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL that tell of what other troops are doing, or with whatever pages you choose from the inside of the magazine. These, because they are lacking in color, should be given one or two coats of orange shellac instead of the white shellac that you used over the colored covers.

We are now ready to begin operations. For the screen in the picture I bought the following supplies at a cost of four dollars and thirty-four cents:

three-paneled frame	\$2.49
six sheets of heavy brown wrapping paper (24 by 48 inches)	.25
glue sizing	.30
three-inch brush for pasting	.20
two-inch brush for applying shellac	.10
one pint of white shellac	.50
one pint of orange shellac	.50

To these I added a pile of old newspapers; a pot of flour paste; a razor blade; a pair of scissors; sixty AMERICAN GIRL magazines; a damp cloth; a roll of black *passe-partout* binding. Instead of the three-paneled frame you may use a three-paneled clotheshorse put together with strong tapes.

You will need working space and a table. The floor may be used but it is not very satisfactory. I used an ordinary card table to lay the frame on while pasting on the cover and decorations, but a long table is better. If possible use a room where the "makings" can be left undisturbed.

From this point on this article might well be called "whatever you do, don't do thus and so", for there are a great many don'ts involved in the making of a successful screen. I have numbered the various steps to make it easier for you.

1. Collect materials. Then keep them conveniently near by.

2. Measure the panels and cut the paper to cover. I used very heavy paper that came in twenty-four by forty-eight inch sheets. As the screen panels measured twenty-four by sixty, that meant cutting two pieces for each panel. These overlapped on the crossbar that runs through the middle of each panel. Collecting materials and cutting out the covering of the screen is about all that you should attempt for one day.

3. Mix up the sizing. Boil a quart and a half of water. Add gradually one-third of the sizing, and stir until it is all dissolved. When the sizing jells it should be put back over the fire and stirred until it melts again. Any extra that is left over may be put away in a bottle for future use. Mix up extra sizing as needed.

4. Make up the flour paste. Put a quart of water on to boil. Put one-half cup of flour and one cup of water in a saucepan and beat to a smooth paste with an egg beater. Then add hot water, stirring constantly over the fire until the mixture is thick.

5. Put the folded screen on the working table so that the worker can reach all sides. On another table arrange a pile of old newspapers for a pasting base. After each pasting discard the top piece. Whatever you do always use a fresh piece of paper for each pasting.

6. This step is very important. Place a sheet of the covering paper on the newspaper and, using the large brush, cover the paper thoroughly with sizing. Brush well out to the edges, covering every particle of the paper.

7. Give the part of the frame to be covered a generous coat of sizing.

8. Follow this with a coat of paste, using the same brush that was used to put on the sizing. Remember every particle of wood must be wet first with sizing, then with paste.

9. Now if the paper lies flat it is ready to put on the frame. But if it curls up it must be brushed again with the sizing. This sizing

not only makes the paper pliable so that it is easily adjusted to the wooden frame, but it fills up the pores of the paper, makes it stick more quickly and also causes it to shrink so that when it dries it will form a smooth, taut surface. Let me say right here that one of the secrets of success in making a screen with a paper background is in working wet. The wood frame must be thoroughly wet first with sizing and then with paste. The paper cover must also be wet with sizing. Otherwise, it will not stick to the frame and the work has to be done over again.

10. Now transfer the covering paper, wet side up, to the frame. Adjust straight edge along the hinge side of panel, pulling as tight as possible, and rub in place with a damp cloth.

11. Then, starting in the middle of the opposite side, pull as tight as possible. Continue to pull and smooth, working toward the ends until this side is also pasted down. In the same way adjust the upper and lower edges, until the paper lies reasonably smooth. The paper shrinks as it dries and any tiny wrinkles disappear. If, for any reason the paper does not stick, go over the whole surface again with the sizing until it is pliable. Then re-paste the wood and re-adjust the paper. Be sure the angles are straight-edged.

12. Continue in this way until (Continued on page 31)

Lilacs

The day had been one of stormy unrest,
And the endless city streets
Made my heart weary.
But when I reached my garden
All the bitter ache of the city world
Was forgotten—
For—the lilacs had blossomed!
Purple and white,
Warm and fragrant with their
Lavender colored life.
While the world contains lilacs,
It can never be wholly apart
From God.

ELISE KAUDERS

From "American Girl" Poetry Contest

Curtains Turn Picturesque

By ANNA COYLE

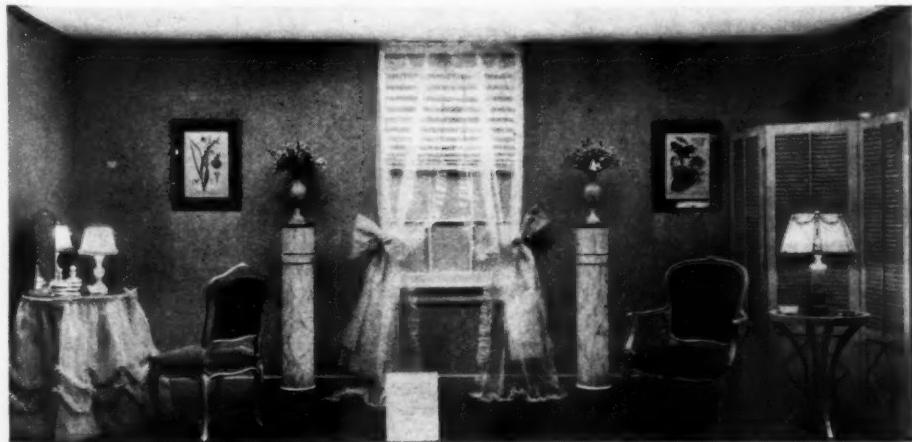
CURTAINS this spring are gay and romantic enough to make every girl's fingers itch for her sewing machine. Distinguished decorators have put their heads together and designed as smart and exciting styles as have made their appearance in many a day. And, best of all, most of them are inexpensive and easy enough to make to bring them within even the limited budgets of today, a fact which makes them especially interesting.

Just at the moment there is on display in a Fifth Avenue store a collection of bedroom ensembles, including curtains, bedspreads, and dressing tables, that were inspired by picturesque fashions of the past. They are modeled after authentic styles of the 'sixties, 'seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties, reproduced in simple, inexpensive modern materials, and appropriate for the bedroom of today. A crisp tarlatan ensemble has literally stepped out of a Godey print. A frilled and flounced net dressing table skirt and curtains, wearing flowing sashes of Alice blue velvet, represent the Gibson girl era. A practical seersucker ensemble with prim little bows and bands is reminiscent of the gingham-clad girl whose voluminous skirt reached the floor and measured at least five yards around. And a sophisticated cellophane set is adorned in the ruchings of the Gay 'Nineties.

Two of these styles that seem particularly charming for a modern girl's room are shown here. The ensembles may be had ready-made. The materials for making them may also be had by the yard and I am sure that many of you will want to make your own.

For the girl who loves cheerful tailored looking things the red and white checked curtains with other accessories to

Photographs by courtesy of B. Altman and Company, New York City, N. Y.



SPRINGLIKE AND GAY ARE THESE DIAPHANOUS TARLATAN CURTAINS WITH THE DRESSING TABLE TO MATCH



A GINGHAM ENSEMBLE WILL BRIGHTEN ANY GIRL'S ROOM
match will be just the thing. They are charming in a room with Early American maple furnishings, Victorian pieces, and with the sturdier type of painted furniture. The curtains, as you will see, have the pinch-pleated top that is so popular right now and gives to even the simplest curtains a finished air. A facing of plain red chambray two inches wide is used to trim the front edge and bottom and is piped with white bias binding. The tie-back of red chambray is also edged with white. The skirt of the matching dressing table is finished in the same way and trimmed with tailored bows of red, piped with white.

While the set shown here is of seersucker you can achieve the same effect in checked or Scotch plaid gingham, in calico, or in chintz or cretonne of a small plaid or all-over pattern.

Before buying your materials be sure to estimate, by careful measurements, the number of yards required. For each curtain, measure from the rod to the floor and add ten inches. This extra length is sufficient for the finish at the top and the generous length that rests on the floor. If you prefer to have shorter curtains measure accordingly.

Do not make the mistake of (*Continued on page 47*)

The Hoodooed Inn

By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

TWO mornings later a hatless girl carrying a suitcase entered the inn. Her silk dress looked cheap; so did the wave in her hair; and her soiled white shoes were run down at the heel. But her eyes sparkled with aggressiveness.

"Is this Mis' Peters's place?"

The landlady, overhearing, greeted the newcomer effusively. "Why, hello, Lorena!"

"Say, how's this for hitch-hiking?" the girl inquired. "I only walked half a mile all the way from Springfield. The last car brought me right up to the door!"

"Good for you! I never thought you'd get here so soon. Miss Pan, this is a friend of mine, Miss Lorena McGratty."

Lorena gave Pan a cool stare, and champed her jaws slightly. It was evidently a case of chewing gum.

"Where shall I put my suitcase?" she wished to know.

"Right in my room," answered Mrs. Peters, taking it. "I've had a cot put in for you. Had your breakfast?"

"Yes, I stopped overnight with friends in Hudson. I'm all set now to pitch in and earn a lot of money."

"Good for you! She's going to help us here," the landlady informed Pan offhandedly. "Some salesgirl she is, too. Nobody could beat her at the Busy Bee grocery."

"Aw, Mis' Peters, lay off the applesauce. 'Course I'll do my best, but I gotta get wise to this stuff first. I suppose you know all about it?" she queried of Pan.

Waffle Inn's original waitress and salesgirl was hardly able to answer. To think of Mrs. Peters bringing another helper to the inn without asking her—and such a girl, too!

"I know more than I want to," she replied coldly.

"What does that mean?" asked Lorena.

"It means she's too high-toned to do business," put in Mrs. Peters. "That's why I sent for you."

"Oh!" Lorena, moving her jaws rhythmically, continued to rake Pan with an enigmatic stare. "Say, have I got to wear a smock like hers? It's a dead color. I brought over a couple salmon pink ones I wore at the Busy Bee. If you want us dressed alike, I could get her a couple."

Pan was revolted at the idea. Of all shades, salmon pink, with her hair!

"I'm accustomed to choose my own clothes, and I shall keep on wearing these. You may do as you wish," was her lofty rejoinder.

"Thank you, I certainly will!" returned Lorena McGratty.

"Now, now, don't you girls begin quarreling right away. I don't see why you can't get along well, and no jealousy."

"Jealous, huh! I'd like to see anybody I'd be jealous of. But as to being chummy with people that don't want me to be chummy with 'em, I certainly won't, so they needn't worry!" declared the recent arrival.

"I just want to give you an idea what you're to say about the antiques," Mrs. Peters instructed her. "They're all over two hundred years old and everything about 'em is genuine. My brother-in-law bought every one of 'em personally either from the Van Rensselaers or the Livingstons or a good old Southern family who lost their estates during the war."

"O. K. Which war would that be?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just the war. And don't believe it if anybody tells you anything different."

"No, ma'am, that's my story and I stick to it."

"It would be fine if everybody around here was like you."

The sneer did not fall on the ears for which it was in-

For what has happened so far in this story see page thirty-seven



tended, as Pan had left the room. In the midst of her dismay had come sudden remembrance. This was the day the Bruyns were going to Albany. Perhaps there was still time to go with them. She had not the least compunction now about leaving Mrs. Peters, not since she had a new helper. A telephone call gave her the assurance she hoped for. She went to get the bowl from Ran's room. He was not in, but fortunately he had left his door unlocked. Pan pulled out the loose nail in the wall and drew out the board. The bowl was not there!

What could Ran have done with it? A search of the room proved fruitless. In the hope that she might see her brother somewhere, she went downstairs and out-of-doors. Ran was nowhere in sight. William, who was loitering about the archery course—it was too early for would-be Robin Hoods—said he thought he had gone to the village.

"You might find him at that Gerry Forsythe's place. He's been hanging out there quite a lot lately."

"He has?" It was a surprised question. That Ran, who was unusually self-sufficient, and not at all on the lookout for new friends, should take pains to make one of a person she disliked so particularly—then she remembered something she had intended to ask William for some days.

"There was a stout dark man here a few days ago in a fairly large automobile. He lunched at the inn. Your mother said he stopped again on Wednesday, but she didn't see him. She said he talked to you here at the archery green. Did he say anything about a bowl he wanted to buy?"

William looked at her stupidly.

"What bowl?"

"Oh, just a little blue glass bowl I have he seemed to have taken a fancy to."

"I guess I know the man you mean. No, he didn't say anything about that. He just asked was you in, and I told him I seen you go out."

"Oh! That was all he said, was it?"

William appeared to delve in his memory.

"Come to think of it, he did ask me something about your brother."

"He did? What?"

"Oh, how old he was, and what kind of a guy he is, 'n all. I just kinda described him."

Just then the Bruyn's car came in sight and Avis waved joyfully. Having asked William to tell his mother she was taking the day off, Pan hurried to meet her friends and as soon as she had slid in beside Avis, let Waffle Inn and its problems disappear from her thoughts. She needed a holiday so badly!

"I'm so glad you could come!" Avis exclaimed. "Mother thinks you need an outing even more than she does, and that's badly enough. You have your bowl?"

"No, I haven't. That's the trouble," said Pan. "At the last minute I couldn't find it! I looked and looked for it."

"Why, where had you left it? Certainly, you remember."

Illustrations by Robb Beebe



AS THE MAN TURNED THE BOWL, PAN GAVE A STARTLED EXCLAMATION

"In my brother's room. I hid it there. But when I looked for it just now it wasn't there, and I couldn't find Pan anywhere to ask him about it."

"Boys are the most disorderly creatures. Perhaps you could describe it to the expert. Do you think she could, mother?"

"That would be better than nothing."

Mrs. Bruyn left her car near Broadway and, having agreed to meet the girls at the Ten Eyck for lunch, left them to their own devices, for Avis knew her way about Albany fairly well. They strolled up State Street, reached a park and, having skirted this at the right, passed by some handsome old houses. Suddenly Avis stopped short and clutched her friend's arm. She was very much excited.

"Look! See that window with the shelves full of glass? Do you by any chance see what I see?"

Pan's eyes followed hers. There were bottles and decanters, glasses and pitchers, but what had stopped Avis and now made Pan exclaim in surprise was this—in the very middle of the display was a bowl exactly like hers! The same color, shape, size and pattern!

"If I were you, Pan, I'd go right up there and ask to see the person who owns the glass," Avis cried. "If whoever it is cannot tell you how much a bowl exactly like his is worth, I don't know who can!"

Avis' suggestion seemed sensible, and Pan followed it. The word "glass" seemed to be a sufficient introduction to the elderly maid servant. She asked the girls in and said she would call Mr. Lockwood. In a few minutes a spare oldish man entered and bowed with old-fashioned politeness.

"What may I do for you, young ladies?"

"We should like to know something about that blue glass bowl in your window," said Pan.

His face lighted up with the true collector's enthusiasm.

"Ah, that! My dear young lady, I congratulate you, at your age, on having such excellent taste. I consider that one of the gems in my collection. It has every mark of being by Rysler, the famous glassmaker. For years I have been searching for a genuine Rysler, and at last, quite unexpectedly, a dealer brought me this one. I haven't its complete history, unfortunately, but I haven't a doubt it's authentic. The Rysler characteristics are unmistakable, the color and the pattern. It is a little cruder than some of his, and is therefore undoubtedly of his early period. You know something about glass? You would like to look at it?"

"If you don't mind," said Pan. Mr. Lockwood unlocked the glass door and took it down.

"No other American glassmaker of the early nineteenth century attained this rich, deep blue. Steigel—whom they call 'the Baron'—possessed the secret. But in so far as American glassmakers were concerned, it was lost for a long time, when his factory closed before the Revolution. Rysler was the first to rediscover it. He had also an extremely artistic eye for shape, and great skill in blowing."

"Will you turn it so I can see the bottom?" asked Pan.

As the man did so, she gave a startled exclamation. "Would you mind telling me where and

how you got this? I have a particular reason for asking."

"Not at all. A dealer, Samuel Cohen, brought it to me. He keeps an antique shop in Poughkeepsie where I have occasionally picked up things."

"Where did he get it, do you know?"

"Yes, I inquired particularly. He said it came from an old house in a Catskill village, Whispellville. The original owner had left, and the young fellow—his name was Wood, I think—no, not Wood, Forrest—knew nothing about the piece, except that it had been found in the cellar. The county history says there was a small window glass factory at Whispellville for a few years, but there is nothing to show that Rysler was connected with it. It is more likely this piece got there from Albany, where he had a factory for

several years. Is anything the matter? You don't look quite well. Has the heat upset you?" He seemed very concerned.

Pan had indeed grown pale. Mr. Lockwood considerably begged her to sit down and, after locking the bowl safely in the glass cupboard, went to fetch a glass of water.

Avis looked almost as worried as she.

"What a shame! Your brother sold it without telling you? But perhaps he means to!"

"It's several days now since I saw him leave the shop in the village just after that dealer did. And he has acted so queerly. He's had plenty of chances to say something. Oh, Avis, suppose you and your brother were all alone and then he went back on you! Wouldn't it just make you sick?"

"Yes," replied her friend. "It certainly would! But I can't help hoping it isn't so bad as it seems and that there's some explanation."

Pan shook her head despondently, as Mr. Lockwood returned with the water. It was Avis who remembered the original reason for their coming in. The information they had wished might now be useless, but it would be interesting.

"Would you mind telling me how much a bowl like that is worth?" she asked. "I have a friend in Kingsford, Julia Cockburn—her father collects old glass, too—and she was interested in a bowl that looks a good deal like this one. So we just thought we'd inquire——"

Mr. Lockwood smiled.

"Perhaps it was this one," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, Cohen told me the Cockburns, or Miss Cockburn, anyhow, had her eye on it. I didn't quite understand how he managed to steal a march on her, but he did. You will realize how unscrupulous we collectors are when I tell you that I snapped it up all the more quickly because I knew Jim Cockburn would get it if I didn't. You see, we are old rivals. He'd have been very glad indeed to buy a genuine Rysler for only three hundred dollars. He must have been away when his daughter discovered it, or he certainly would have seized it."

"Three hundred dollars?"

Pan faintly echoed the incredible words, and put down her glass of water quickly, for her hand was trembling. But Avis was not surprised, having heard how much Mr. Cockburn had paid for some of his simplest pieces.

"Do you think the boy who sold it got anything like that, Mr. Lockwood?" she asked.

The collector shrugged his shoulders.

"It all depends on how clever he was, and whether he had any idea of its value. Still, if Miss Cockburn had been bidding, that might have put the price up. I certainly hope he received at least one hundred, or a hundred and fifty."

"I don't believe he did! I don't believe he got more than twenty-five dollars!" Pan uttered the remark in a peculiar tone, at once scornful and indignant. She was thinking of what Ran had said, "If I only had twenty-five dollars, I could get all the materials I need for my plane."

Mr. Lockwood looked puzzled and a little annoyed.

"That, after all, is none of my business," he said stiffly.

"No, of course not," Avis assured him. "But we've a friend who knows him, so we were curious. Thank you ever so much, Mr. Lockwood. We shan't take up any more of your time. You have been very kind to show us your bowl."

Mr. Lockwood arose and graciously bowed them out. "I'm so sorry, Pan!" exclaimed Avis, once on the street. Pan put her hand to her forehead in a bewildered way.

"I—I'll have this out with Ran! There must be some explanation!" They walked on in silence for a few moments. "I nearly forgot," exclaimed Pan suddenly, "I have to do some shopping."

At the end of the next hour Pan had spent nearly all the money she had recently earned, and the shipping clerks in a large department store were busy wrapping various parcels to be sent to Mrs. Charles Revell, the Dyckman Sanatorium, Dutch Hollow.

"Are those all for your aunt? You're not going to get anything for yourself? Dear me, Pan, you're positively angelic!" exclaimed Avis.

"Angelic!" replied her companion savagely. "If you knew how it hurts! But I'll tell you one thing—if in the next accident I have I'm not smashed up enough to need lavender crêpe de Chine nightgowns, I shall sue somebody!" She laughed, and felt rather better.

"Mother will be expecting us," said Avis.

Back at the inn, Pan went straight to Ran's room. He was working on a plane, and she noticed a quantity of new materials scattered about the room, parts of planes, cans of "dope" and varnish, Japanese silk and bamboo paper, all of them fairly expensive, as she well knew. Her heart hardened, in spite of the dark circles she noticed under his eyes.

"Hello! Mrs. Peters said you were out joy-riding," he observed, looking up from a drawing.

"I told her to tell you I was with Avis Bruyn and her mother. You know, the one who has the dress shop. We went to Albany."

"Uh-huh?"

"The idea of my going was to find out about my blue bowl."

Ran bent over his drawing board.

"I wanted to find out what it was worth, and I did! A whole lot—three hundred dollars, anyway!"

Ran looked up at last.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, in an awestruck voice.

How did one accuse one's own brother of stealing? When it came to the point, Pan couldn't. She could only say, in a trembling voice, "I—I trusted you, Ran, and you know what you did with it!" And there she had to stop, for fear of breaking down. Ran, looking harassed to the last degree, pushed his drawing aside, and snatched up his cap.

In the stress of recent events, Pan had almost forgotten the telephone message left with the maid for Julia Cockburn, until she was reminded of it one afternoon by Julia herself bursting into the restaurant.

"I've been away on a visit," she began, "and only just now got your message about the bowl. Was it fifteen dollars someone offered you? That seems to me a great deal, but the color is so pretty I really think I might give it. So will you please wrap it up and let me take it with me?"

Pan's color rose. There was going to be trouble, and she did not wish the other customers to witness it, so she drew Julia out into the little hall. She was certain to be upset.

"I'm awfully sorry, but the (*Continued on page 36*)



"IS THIS MIS' PETERS'S PLACE?"



I WAS OVERCOME WITH SURPRISE TO SEE MAXINE GOING ALONG THE STREET, ARM IN ARM WITH THE NEW GIRL, BOTH VERY GAY

"I Am a Girl Who—

used to be the most envious creature alive. I simply could not appreciate anything I had if a friend had something I preferred"

IT DIDN'T make a bit of difference whether that something was a possession you could have purchased if you had money enough, or whether it was a special ability you might have had to be born with—it was no good to me unless I could say it was better than anything of the sort any one else had.

Perhaps this deplorable state of affairs wasn't all my fault. Perhaps I wouldn't have been quite so bad myself if some such attitude hadn't in a way been adopted by our whole set. In fact, you could almost say we had been brought up to it. I can remember my own Aunt Eleanor's exclamation when it was her turn to have the bridge club at her house: "I shan't enjoy a minute of it, I know. There'll be Mrs. Morrow looking under the sandwich plates and thinking to herself they're not marked Limoges the way hers are, and Mrs. Gaylord scrutinizing my table of prizes. I just hate to have them come here."

I felt the same way when the girls from school came on my Wednesday afternoons. My room was really a lovely place, full of windows and sunshine, spacious enough to hold us all comfortably, and yet cozy at the same time. But Maxine's room, I always thought, was much better than mine. Hers had taffeta curtains, and a tortuous-legged velvet doll adorned her chaise longue. I hated my own room in comparison, and envied the satisfaction she must feel when the girls came to hers.

On stunt nights at our *Cercle Français* I could never sole myself with being the best actress for the charades. I spent all my time wishing I had as good an accent as Deborah's. Deborah had spent two years in a French *pension*.

To be sure, mother said I was very silly to feel the way

Illustration by Iris Beatty Johnson

I did about everything. She tried her best to cure me of it. Sometimes she would even refuse me things we could easily have afforded, just because she thought it might encourage me in my foolish notions if she always let me have my own way. She herself never seemed to mind in the least the things other people had. But it was only after Janet Brooks came to live in our town that I understood why. It still seems strange to me how slow we often are to see our mothers' point of view, but maybe that's because we all have to learn things for ourselves. Mother had learned through her own experience, and fortunately I, when the time came, was to learn through mine.

I was in the deepest of my weltering in the muck of envy when a remarkable event took place in Clarendon Academy for Girls. A new girl with the most ordinary looking clothes, with a ramshackle old Ford station wagon, a girl whose family had leased a tumble-down looking little house on the wrong side of town, was taking the school by storm. And it wasn't a storm that showed any signs of subsiding. Nor has it yet, though the last of our sails—mine—has turned about, and we are now all rollicking before one of the strongest gales of merriment and real enjoyment that ever blew through our daily round of activities.

Now Janet Brooks, as I said, didn't have clothes that I could call better than mine. She didn't drive a car that was better, as opinion might have it, than the roadster my family lets me use. She didn't live in a house that was better—that is, more imposing, more elegantly furnished and situated—than ours is. She hadn't been tutored in European schools, and she didn't outshine everybody or even me in scholastic or dramatic brilliance. (*Continued on page 45*)



PART OF THIS OLD CASTLE IN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY IS USED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS. WHAT A ROMANTIC PLACE IN WHICH TO READ SUCH AN HISTORICAL "AMERICAN GIRL" STORY AS "THE LAUGHING PRINCESS"!

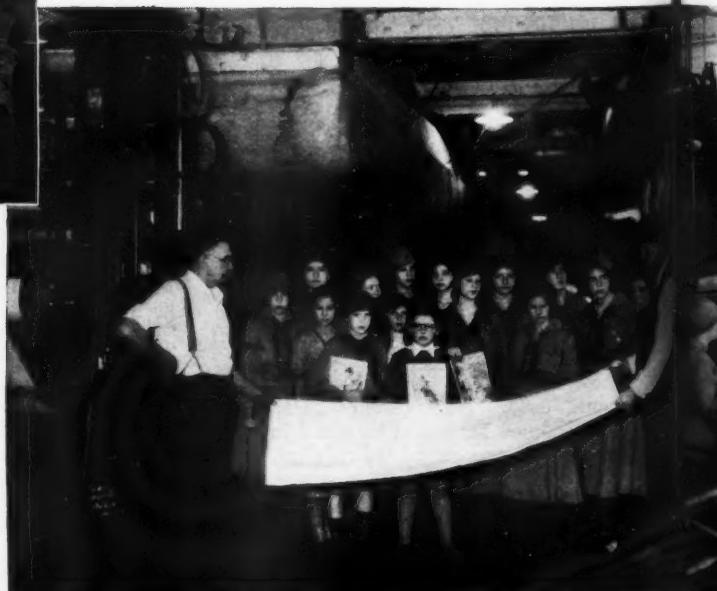


THE GIRL SCOUTS OF GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS ARE PROUD OF THEIR HANDIWORK—A BOUND VOLUME OF THE 1932 ISSUES OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL"—PRESENTED TO MRS. HOOVER JUST BEFORE SHE LEFT THE WHITE HOUSE

AT THE RIGHT ARE SOME GIRL SCOUTS OF FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS WHO WERE SO INTERESTED IN THEIR MAGAZINE THAT THEY VISITED THE MILL IN THEIR CITY WHERE THE PAPER ON WHICH IT IS PRINTED IS MADE

Girl Scouts and

They say they wouldn't be without the magazine for anything—the thousand of girls who take "The American Girl" and keep it artistically each month in their homes, in their houses, their troop rooms and at



HWAY, NEW JERSEY GIRL OUTS RECENTLY MOVED TO A NEW HOME WHICH IS FORMERLY AN OLD TAVERN. NOW THEY READ "THE AMERICAN GIRL" AROUND THIS JOLLY FIREPLACE



and Their "American Girl"

...e with their own magazine,
of Girl Scouts who
"ambey read it enthusi-
in the homes, their Little
s at boarding school



ABOVE IS A MERRY GROUP OF GIRLS OF PINE TREE TROOP NUMBER ONE, WESTWOOD, NEW JERSEY ENJOYING AFTERNOON TEA, IN "THE AMERICAN GIRL" TEA SET—THE FIRST ONE AWARDED TO ANY TROOP FOR SENDING IN SUBSCRIPTIONS



THE SCRIBES FROM STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT GIRL SCOUT TROOPS VISITED THE CONDÉ NAST PLANT AT GREENWICH WHERE "THE AMERICAN GIRL" IS PRINTED AND WATCHED THE MARCH INTERNATIONAL ISSUE ON THE PRESSES

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story may contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.

OUR STAR Reporter this time is Virginia Coan, a member of Troop Seven of Rahway, New Jersey. Virginia writes about the Little House in her town:

"What would be your joy if someone told you that your Girl Scout room was to be changed from its accustomed dull and rather ordinary place to a picturesque tavern, centuries old?

"It may seem improbable, but just such a delightful thing as that happened to the Rahway Girl Scouts. No one knows just when this tavern, which is situated on the Lincoln Highway, the former King George's Highway and the old stage route between New York and Philadelphia, was built.

"The house is a beautiful, historical old place, several stories in height. Within, one finds a cheerful, hospitable and homelike atmosphere. The wide-planked floors have been scraped and refinished, the walls repapered, the woodwork painted. Several old abandoned rooms have been reconditioned and now are being used as separate troop meeting places. Perhaps the most interesting room of all is the old kitchen. This is a spacious, low ceiled room with an enormous fireplace at one end, attached to which are two Dutch ovens. The walls are paneled in old maple and electric lights in pewter sconces supply the illumination. Off this room is a large closet now made into a modern kitchenette with a bright and shining new enameled stove and sink and gay chintz curtains at the windows.

"Then to top it all, there is a tiny winding stairway behind the fireplace, which opens out into the dustiest and most mysterious secret room imaginable.

"These above mentioned are but a few of our tavern's numerous charms but I am sure you will agree that we are most fortunate. With this delightful acquisition we began Girl Scouting this year with an added zest and eagerness and now every day in the week 'Ye Old Girl Scout Taverne' hums like a veritable beehive."

THIS is the time of the year when Girl Scouts are thinking of Little Houses and gardens—about fresh paint and clean curtains; and about all sorts of gay activities to be carried on within their own four walls, no matter whether the Little House happens to be a more or less pretentious building in town or a tiny cabin in the woods. If you have a Little House this is surely the time of the year to enjoy it most. If you haven't maybe you'll be interested to hear how other girls managed to acquire them from buildings which were built for an entirely different purpose.

Mildred Moore, who is a member of Troop Seven of Springfield, Missouri, writes us the history of Springfield's Little House.

"The Springfield Girl Scout Little House started life as a coach house in the Springfield of long ago. But Springfield grew, and the big white house with its green lawn and coach house were too close to town for a prosperous family.

"The property now belongs to the Sorosis Club, and through the generosity of these women and many other people of our city the converted coach house was given to the Girl Scouts to care for and enjoy.

"It took several months to transform our Little House to its present state. It was first moved farther way from the big white house so it could have a yard of its own. When it was a coach house the stairway leading to the second floor where the coachman slept was on the outside. It is now

Within Their

*is a full little world where
creatively they plan the Troop*

enclosed so that the stairs are on the inside.

A fireplace was put in the wall opposite the stairway, and the worn floor replaced by an attractive tile one. Casement windows form the greater part of the wall opposite the front door, which is the only entrance.

"When the carpenters' work was finished we were right there ready to furnish the headquarters we had wanted so long. With the liberal help of the people of our city and the Girl Scouts themselves we now have two comfortable and cozy rooms.

"We have spent many enjoyable hours of work and play at our Little House. Each month the members of a certain troop are

housekeepers and they see that it is kept spick and span.

"Our Little House has gone through many phases of life from coach house to its present state. We hope that it is now in its last, and that we Girl Scouts can continue to enjoy it for years to come."

This Little House Is an Apartment

Esther Bacon, a member of Troop Four of Sioux City, Iowa writes to THE AMERICAN

GIRL about the Girl Scout headquarters there:

"Girl Scouts of Sioux City are most fortunate in having such a practical and attractive headquarters apartment as is theirs. The city council has shown its interest and knowledge of the importance of Girl Scouting in a most substantial manner—by giving the free use of a large space in one of the city's fine old buildings. For which Sioux City Girl Scouts feel most fortunate and grateful.

"The apartment is located on the west half of the fourth floor of the City Building where it is beautifully sunny. It has a large living room, a kitchenette, two offices and a troop room. The building itself is one of Sioux City's old timers—all records and memories point to 1891 as its natal year—the year of the city's most elaborate and gorgeous corn palace, which was located just east of the City Hall. Only half a century before, this whole locality was wilderness. It was the Indians' hunting grounds, with its future possibilities, including of course our own Girl Scouting, totally unrealized by the few hardy pioneers who had begun to settle in northwestern Iowa.

"Today, some forty odd years later, it would seem quite unimaginable to be in Sioux City without a thriving Girl Scout organization. When this structure was erected, the City Library—now a separate building—occupied the entire first floor. And for nearly twenty years the city clerk's office filled the space of which we now make daily use. The present quarters have been used by the Girl Scouts for the last eight years. The privilege of using another large assembly room for meetings and activities is also ours when occasions demand.

"Not only have the location and building a history. The furnishings have a story to tell, too. The Citizens' Troop, Number Twenty-Eight, did appropriate decorating. The walls are light green, with the wood-

THESE GIRL SCOUTS OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN KEEP BEES AT HAWTHORNE HOUSE



Own Four Walls

*skilfully they bake and sew and where
garden which gently bounds their lands*

work and trimmings a shade or so darker. The floor is painted a soft gray that blends nicely with the green.

"I am sure that the stuffed owl, looking so wise from his resting place on the built-in bookshelf, could tell you many interesting incidents. Some relating to the paper knives and wood carvings; about who took the excellent picture of the cabin at camp; about how camp books came to be made; about who produces the interesting collection of shells and minerals; and of the friendliness that grows from the Girl Scout Association. Much else could he tell if he would only speak, but he remains silent as all good owls do!"

These Girls Make Use of the Jail

The Little House in Manawa, Wisconsin had a curious origin as this letter from the Manawa Girl Scouts tells:

"Our Little House was formerly the town jail, built shortly after the village was incorporated in 1900. About fifteen years ago it was condemned by the state as unsanitary and unfit for a jail. It was then used to house the hand chemical fire extinguisher but this was later taken to a garage. About eight years ago a tramp came to the village seeking a place to sleep. They took him to the jail but then couldn't let him in as the key was gone, and no one knew where it was. This was heralded in the newspapers as a great joke.

"When the Girl Scouts first considered the jail as a possible home it was filled

with old lumber and junk. The men just smiled when we asked if we might have it, but they all said it was of no use as it was. The building is seventeen by nineteen feet, made of stone, and has two small north windows and a larger west one. There were two cells and a larger room in the place when we took possession. The Lions Club tore out one cell, cemented the broken places in the floor and whitewashed the walls. The Village Board ceiled the ceiling, built an attractive entrance and painted the woodwork.

"Our meetings were turned into active work. Curtains of gay cretonne—blue and cream for the kitchen and green and orange for the living room—were made. Old church pews were painted. So were a bookcase, some cupboards and tables.

"The living room is L shaped and has pews along the walls, a covered couch, pillows with the trefoil on them, a bookcase, a long folding table, a victrola and records, two large rugs and a good heater. The kitchen has a three-burner oil stove, a table and two cupboards. The girls have bought their silverware and two and a half dozen enameled plates and cups, and various other things. They keep canned things on hand and have suppers about once a month, each girl helping to plan and prepare supper and clean up afterward. They made their own holders and dish towels as part of their work for second class sewing badges.

"The girls earn money to maintain the house by candy sales, serving suppers to



the Lions Club at the house and by bake sales. It is still a joke in the village about using the jail for a club house, but everyone is very interested and pleased with what the girls have done."

Six Towns Use the Shawmut House

Miss Mildred Orr of Shawmut, Alabama writes to us about their Little House:

"What a horde of memories, what pleasant associations and what stores of glorious anticipation the phrase Little House brings to the mind of everyone who has ever had the privilege of sharing in the joys that come with its ownership—a real Little House that is cheerful and cozy and always ready for girls, leaders, council members, and friends. The house need not be elaborate or large, but it must be friendly.

"Ours was once a five-room cottage exactly like every other five-room cottage in the village. But one day it was given to the Girl Scouts and presto! It became the nicest Little House imaginable, for down went a wall here, up went a cupboard there. Soon there was a huge living room, a Girl Scout office, a bedroom, a bath, a dining room, a kitchenette and a tiny back porch all ready for use.

"And has it been used! The Chattahoochee Valley (Continued on page 48)



"LA KETELLE", LAFAYETTE, RHODE ISLAND GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE USED TO BE THE DILAPIDATED HUT SHOWN ABOVE. ITS RESTORED GOOD LINES ARE SEEN TO THE RIGHT AS A TRANSFORMATION. IT HAD BEEN A WOOD CHOPPER'S SHACK, A GARAGE, A TRAPPER'S WORKSHOP BEFORE THE TROOP EFFECTED ITS RENOVATION



A SHIP HARD PRESSED

As the distracted days of February drew to a close, America turned a wan face to the national capital, which resounded with the hammer-strokes of carpenters getting the city ready for the inauguration of the next President of the United States.

Last September business appeared definitely on the way to recovery though it still had a long distance to go before it reached safe harbor. In spite of the signs of progress, however, the country felt that it wanted a new set of leaders. So in November it went to the polls and voted overwhelmingly to change commander and crew.

Unfortunately, we could vote for this change in November, but by the terms of our Constitution as it then was, we could not actually get it until the following March. The result was that in the four



intervening months the United States was almost leaderless; it was a ship without a chart, under the command of a captain whom it would no longer follow, and manned by a crew a large percentage of whom had been discharged.

In this helpless condition it drifted into seas that grew every day more threatening and tempestuous, while the sailors refused to obey orders and quarreled among themselves, and the passengers became continually more desperate and panic-stricken. The one national hope was that the ship could be kept steady somehow until the new captain and crew could take full charge.

WAR

Farther away, but very threatening on the horizon, were the thunder and the lightning flashes of another war in the East. On February twenty-fourth the General Assembly of the League, finally giving up hope of conciliating Japan and China, formally adopted a resolution which proclaimed Japan as aggressor in Manchuria and allied most of the civilized nations of the world, morally, against her. It was at last publicly admitted that the rain of death and de-



struction which has fallen, off and on, on China for over a year is, in fact, a war and not simply a movement to "preserve peace in the Orient by curbing Chinese bandits", as Tokyo has tried for so long to pretend it is. The answer of Japan's delegate, to the League's disapproval of his country, was to walk out of the assembly, amid the ominous silence of his fellow representatives. Almost immediately a Japanese army of 90,000 began a new offensive against China. War had, officially, begun. Through Secretary of State Stimson, the United States, announced itself as being morally in agreement with the resolution against Japan—another problem for Mr. Roosevelt.

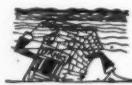
What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

TREACHEROUS WATERS!

Our leader after a narrow escape from death (detailed below) took the helm on March fourth. He required no binoculars to see around him on every side, rocks, shoals and dangerous reefs. One of the most threatening rocks was the banking situation. On the twelfth of last March Ivar Kreuger, the great "Match King" of Sweden, had killed himself, and immediately the world had found out that he was one of the greatest swindlers of all history. Close on the colossal failure of his firm, Kreuger and Toll, in which many Americans had invested, had come the collapse of the properties controlled by Samuel Insull, and Mr. Insull's flight to Greece.

These revelations, combined with many others like them, profoundly shook the confidence of the American people in their industrial leaders. They were still further alarmed when the Senate, inquiring into banking operations during the boom years of 1927, 1928, and 1929, uncovered some extremely shady practices on the part of leading bankers. The result was a new wave of bank withdrawals and renewed hoarding of gold. The governors of



Louisiana, Michigan and Maryland were forced to close the banks of their states for brief periods, until they could be strengthened to meet the many demands on them. On the day of his inauguration Mr. Roosevelt therefore faced one of the most serious banking crises in the history of the United States.

Panic spread until governor after governor had to declare a bank holiday. Almost the last to give in was the great money centre of New York, which closed the doors of its financial institutions on the morning of Inauguration Day. The few other states which had not already done so quickly followed. The new President and the country were facing one of the most serious banking crises in the history of the United States.

FARMERS CALLING FOR HELP

Another rock which lay in the path of the ship of state was that of farm mortgages. About forty-two per cent of the country's farms are mortgaged, and most of the mortgaged acres are in the Middle West. Many farmers of the Mississippi Valley bought their farms when land was high. But the prices of farm products were also high, and consequently mortgage payments held few terrors. Now what the farmer

gets for his cattle and crops has sunk to almost nothing, though his taxes and mortgage payments remain the same. As a result, all over the Middle West, the holders of farm mortgages began to foreclose—that is, to take over and try to sell mortgaged farms for enough to pay what was



owed on them. From the dispossessed farm owners a great clamor arose. In many places they threatened to lynch the agents of the mortgage holders, and in others they prevented genuine bidding on farms, bought the lands in for a few dollars subscribed by the neighbors, and returned them to their original owners. Many bills for the relief of the farmer had been introduced into the closing Congress, but when it closed no real progress had been made. So the farm problem also lay ahead of Mr. Roosevelt.

WILD BULLETS IN THE SUNSHINE

On February fifteenth an assassin's bullet threatened to kill the new leader. Joe Zangara, an Italian with a grudge against all kings and presidents, bought a pistol in a pawnshop and mingled with the crowd that surged around the automobile of President-elect Roosevelt returning, through Miami, from a twelve-day fishing trip in sunny southern waters. Just as Mr. Roosevelt finished making a short speech to the crowd from the back of his automobile, Zangara fired—several times. A Mrs. Cross, standing next to him, seized his arm and tried to throw it up, thus disturbing his aim. A man back of him also tried to stop the deadly rain of bullets. Their action probably saved the life of Mr. Roosevelt, but did not prevent the shots from striking five other persons who were standing near the President-elect. Most seriously wounded were Anton Joseph Cermak, mayor of Chicago and Mrs. Joseph Gill.

For nearly three weeks Mayor Cermak's life hung in the balance, while doctors fought for him with every weapon known to medicine. Healthy blood was pumped into his veins; glucose, which serves as pre-digested food for the body, was also injected. He rallied, but pneumonia developed and he sank into a coma and died early in the morning of March 6. Mrs. Gill has a fighting chance, but her condition is critical.



MAN OVERBOARD!

Unexpectedly and with dramatic suddenness the Lame Duck Congress passed, near the end of February, a resolution repealing, unconditionally, the Eighteenth Amendment. If this resolution is ratified by thirty-six of the states, it becomes a law, and national prohibition will have been thrown overboard—the issue is in doubt.

Cover Your Screen with Covers

(Continued from page 20)

all the panels are covered. It is sometimes necessary to weight down the paper on the cross-bar where it overlaps. Just put a piece of paper over it and place heavy books on top. While the paper is drying the frame should also be weighted down to prevent the wood from warping.

Another "whatever you do"—don't work in the sun, for the paper dries too quickly and pulls away from the frame and the work has to be done over again. When the covering is dry and hard and smooth and drumlike it is ready for the decoration.

In the illustration the central panel is devoted to covers featuring sports; the panel at the left to girls at home; and the one at the right to International covers and to girls at school and at parties. The darker covers are placed at the bottom and the lighter ones at the top. The pictures at each side of a panel face toward the center. They look better this way.

Some thought was given also to the arrangement and distribution of colors. For instance, the blues, greens and reds were scattered over the whole panel so that too much of one color would not be concentrated in one spot.

As far as possible the larger heads were arranged in a line more or less zigzagging through the center of a panel with the smaller figures at the edges. There is also a certain degree of continuity and parallelism in the lines formed by the edges of the pictures up and down and across the panels.

Before attempting to paste the pictures on a panel arrange them as you think you will like them. Begin working from the bottom of a panel. Arrange three covers at a time just as they are to be pasted on the panel. Before pasting, however, also arrange the three above so that all the space will be covered.

Have three piles of newspapers on the table. Place one picture face down on each, and cover the back with sizing. Leave it for a moment. If it curls up apply more sizing until the picture remains flat. Then add a coat of paste for good measure, adjust on the panel and rub into place with a cloth. Whatever you do, be sure to rub until no air bubbles remain.

Continue row on row until the panel is covered, and then cover the other panels in the same way. If the screen is a wide one there will be certain bare spaces on the edges. These will have to be covered also. Use the same technique for the other side of the screen, covering with the pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL instead of the covers. This makes pleasant variety.

When both sides are covered, trim the edges very carefully with a razor blade or sharp knife. Then cover the edges either with narrow strips of black *passé partout* or with strips of paper. To make the screen more durable, finish it with one or two coats of shellac—white for the side with the colored pictures and orange for the other.

If, for any reason, you do not want to use AMERICAN GIRL covers for the screen, it may be covered with wall paper, which may either be left plain or decorated with maps, silhouettes, or other pictures.

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SERVE CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES FOR TEA

IT HAS suddenly become the fashion to know how to cook! Everybody's doing it—Girl Scouts, in their Little Houses and at home as well are learning, with greater enthusiasm than ever, to be thrifty and intelligent housewives. High school girls, brides, older housekeepers who have given up their cooks—women on every side—are going into their kitchens. And coming to have pride in what they do, too, as they take advantage of all the up-to-date cooking helps that are available. Tested recipes, standard level measurements, reliable ingredients—all these things are making it easy to speak and understand the modern language of cooking.

And in these strenuous days everyone is looking for economical, simple, and easily prepared dishes. So I am giving you some quick-and-easy recipes for delicious little cookies, cakes, and delicate emergency biscuits that will be just the things to serve for April parties—especially at your homes and at teas in your Little Houses or at your hostess suppers. But I am going to give you more than just the recipes—for there are usually extra points that an experienced cook knows, but for which there is not space in a regular recipe. And on these points often depends success or failure.

First let's make some emergency Drop Biscuits. These will be ideal to serve for a light luncheon with a salad and a hot drink or a platter supper. Here is the recipe:

Drop Biscuits

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

There is no need to get out the rolling pin or board. All you do is mix them up in the twinkling of an eye, drop by teaspoonfuls on an ungreased baking sheet, and in less than fifteen minutes you'll have some deliciously light and crispy little biscuits.

Drop Cookies and Biscuits

—*for friends who drop in*

By JANE CARTER

Sift the flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening; add milk all at once and stir carefully until all flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough that clings to sides of bowl. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) twelve to fifteen minutes. Makes twelve biscuits.

You see, these biscuits need a hot oven, so before you do anything else, light your stove. Then get out your utensils and ingredients—your flour sifter, mixing bowl, measuring cup and spoons. I hope you have a standard measuring cup and spoons, for all the recipes I give you are based on standard measurements—and you must use the same exact amounts, in following them, to have success. And all measurements must be level. For baking, you'll need a biscuit or cookie sheet, with no sides or just low rims, so the heat can flow over and around the biscuits.

Because these flaky light little party biscuits are different from regular baking powder biscuits, we make them with cake flour to give them that indescribable fluffiness and tenderness that put their texture more in the class with cakes than with biscuits. You can use all butter in them if you wish, or a white shortening, or half butter and half white shortening.

Be sure to sift your flour *once* before you measure it, for flour packs down on standing and should always be fluffed up before measuring, so that you'll get exactly the same amount every time in your measuring cup. Then after you measure your dry ingredients, you sift them all together *once* to distribute them evenly. You are going to do so little mixing that they won't

have a chance for much more blending.

You can use two knives or a fork to cut in your shortening; or maybe your mother has one of those convenient pastry blenders that looks like a chopping knife but which is made of a lot of fine curved wires attached to a handle. They are very convenient. But whatever you use, put your shortening in all at once and then cut quickly and lightly, dividing the fat into smaller and smaller flakes until the whole mixture looks like cornmeal. Be careful not to press or mash the fat into the flour—cut it. You want small flakes to help make the biscuits flaky.

From this point on you can't go wrong. When you add the milk, make a well right in the center of the mixture and pour all the milk in at once. Then start to stir—gently at first—then swiftly and vigorously until the mixture forms a soft, sticky dough that clings to the sides of the bowl. Then stop! You are ready to drop your biscuits. Over-mixing will make the biscuits tough.

When you drop the soft mounds of dough on your baking sheet, don't place them too close together, if you want them to be crusty all around—for the biscuits will nearly double in size in baking.

Besides serving these quickly made drop biscuits as a bread, they are delicious used to top a casserole of chicken, meat, or vegetables, or on top of a stew.

You can turn this recipe into Cheese Drop Biscuits simply by adding one cup of grated American cheese with the shortening. These flavorful cheese biscuits are particularly delicious served with salads.

However, the drop cookies and cakes I have for you are also quickly made and there are some things I want to tell you about making them.

First we'll go over the recipe for Hermits—those little brown fruity drop cakes, so very easy to mix and so easy to bake.



DROP BISCUITS, HERMITS, AND A ROLL OF ICE BOX COOKY DOUGH ARE SHOWN HERE WITH STANDARD UTENSILS. FIND A RECIPE FOR ICE BOX COOKIES AND TRY THEM YOURSELF

We use the same utensils for making these as we used for the Drop Biscuits, and bake them the same way. But the mixing is different, for now we are going to make these as you mix a cake. And that means sifting your dry ingredients together three times after measuring to get plenty of air into them; creaming your butter thoroughly before adding the sugar; and then creaming your butter and sugar together until really light and fluffy before adding the well-beaten eggs.

Hermits

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon mace
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, coarsely broken

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beating well. Add raisins and nuts and mix well. Add flour and beat until smooth. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes. Makes four and one-half dozen hermits.

Here are the points I think you'll want to know about the ingredients. Be sure not to forget to add your spices to the flour and baking powder before the three siftings, for this is where you get your spices thoroughly blended and mixed in. Your butter should be soft enough to cream easily, so it is always a good idea to let it stand a while at room temperature before using it.

The recipe calls for brown sugar "firmly packed". That means packed down into a measuring cup with a spoon so firmly that it holds its shape like a sand pie when it's turned out.

If you are using large raisins, cut them into small pieces, and don't break or cut up your nuts very fine—you want real pieces of both fruit and nuts to bite into.

Now about the mixing. The butter and sugar must be well creamed, but you don't have to take the time or pains that you would for a more delicate cake. For these are drop cookies and can be made faster than a big cake. Also don't expect to get your butter and sugar as light and fluffy as if you were using all granulated sugar and no brown. The two eggs should be well beaten with a rotary egg beater until they are thick, light colored and foamy; and then when you add them to the well-creamed butter and sugar, beat the whole mixture hard until it

becomes very light. When you add the fruit and nuts, mix them in thoroughly. The recipe does not call for milk, so add your flour slowly—about one-quarter of a cup at a time and blend in well after each addition until all lumps are smoothed out. Then give a good beating at the end. Drop the cookies about two inches apart on the baking sheet.

I am giving you another drop cookie recipe—Peanut Drop Cookies, baked the same way—and one for Chocolate Drop Cakes, which are baked in cup cake pans.

Peanut Drop Cookies

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
grated rind 1 lemon
6 tablespoons butter or other shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup peanuts, coarsely chopped
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add lemon rind to butter and cream thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together well. Add egg and peanuts and mix well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (475 degrees Fahrenheit) for eight minutes, or until done. Makes two dozen cookies.

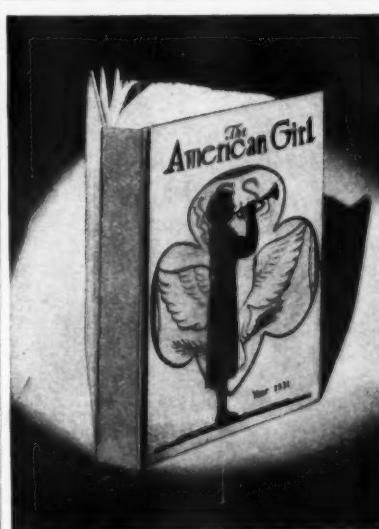
Chocolate Drop Cakes

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup nut meats, coarsely broken
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, chocolate, nuts, and raisins, and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon into small, greased cup cake pans. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten minutes, or until done. Makes three and one-half dozen cakes.

Notice that milk is used in both these recipes, so don't forget to add it alternately with the flour. But start with flour and end with flour, pouring milk between.

Jane Carter



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Horse of Another Color

(Continued from page 9)

glanced down toward her stirrups. She looked again toward the house. There was the wretch who had stolen her boots!

Almost without conscious effort, Ellen lifted Marceline's reins, and in response the stallion made for the man who already was on the ground and placing a ladder flat on the grass beside the house. He was picking up a suitcase when he saw the approaching rider. Though remarkably small, this little man certainly could run. His legs pumping like pistons, and without so much as a single backward glance, he headed for the stone wall a hundred yards away. Ellen was in full gallop—with Marceline's head pointed for the automobile she had seen parked off the road.

Over the fence hurdled the cat burglar, after the suitcase that he had tossed like a football. Over the fence in a graceful jump went Marceline and his rider. Between the thief and his car, Ellen barred the way. And then the girl's eyes caught sight of her favorite riding boots. The man in front of her was wearing them!

"Hello," he said, with astonishing nonchalance. "Having a nice ride?" He had tilted his hat jauntily and was picking up the suitcase. What the suitcase held in the way of loot, Ellen could only guess. But she guessed that its value was great. Now the man turned toward the car.

"Stay right where you are!" Ellen raised her riding crop.

But the man, setting down the suitcase, only laughed. "This is better than that," he said. And Ellen looked upon a revolver which seemed to have appeared from nowhere. The man fingered it idly, as if it were an amusing toy. "Much better, isn't it?"

Ellen's heart thumped wildly. This man was small, and standing there below her on the ground, he looked even smaller. But as she faced the menacing pistol, Ellen realized her utter helplessness.

The burglar was still smiling. "Sorry I've got to leave you," he said pleasantly. "But I've about cleaned up this town, and now that you've met me you might know me again if I should call at your house."

Despite her pounding heart, Ellen could not restrain herself. "You have called. Those are my boots you're wearing!"

This time the man's laugh was hearty. "What do you think of that? You know, it took me a long time to find a good pair small enough. Everybody in these parts has terribly big feet." He looked at Ellen's brogues, and grinned broadly. "You seem to have found that out, too." He reached down toward the suitcase.

"Stay right where you are!" Once more Ellen raised her crop, and now she rode toward the man.

For the first time, a grim expression crept over her face. He pointed the revolver straight at Ellen. She caught her breath.

But to Marceline, a hand in front of his nose was an open invitation. With lightning speed, his teeth fastened on it.

The little man, whose whole attention had been centered on the girl, was taken completely off guard. With a cry, he dropped the gun. And before it had touched the ground, Ellen had brought the heels

of her heavy brogues hard against Marceline's flanks. The animal reared. His front feet barely missed the burglar, who dodged and jumped back.

"Keep him away from me!" he yelled. Ellen's face was grim.

"Pick up that suitcase and march!" she commanded. Her voice held a steely ring. "And don't scuff those boots!"

An ugly light came into the man's eyes as he glanced from the girl's determined countenance toward his revolver, which now lay directly beneath Marceline's feet. Without warning, springing cat-like, he darted toward the pistol. But the horse was too quick. Baring his teeth, Marceline sank them into the burglar's shoulder.

With a roar of pain, the man wrenched himself free. For a moment he stood, helpless rage written on his face. This girl and her horse were more dangerous weapons than his revolver.

Ellen's voice still rang hard as she pointed toward town. "March! And the first move you make to get away, I'll ride you down. Marceline can go anywhere you can. He can get there a lot faster, too!"

Muttering under his breath, the man bent down and picked up the suitcase with his uninjured hand. The stallion following close at his heels, he started down the road.

Ellen took a long breath of relief, and gradually the wild beating of her heart quieted. But she was alert, fighting to hold back the excited Marceline that kept reaching out to get another nip at the tantalizing back of the parading man.

Along the macadam highway to the outskirts of town, and then down Main Street, the inexorable clump of her horse's iron shoes behind the captured burglar beat a satisfying rhythm in Ellen's ears. And though a curious crowd joined the strange procession as it neared Town Hall, the girl did not once stop until she had ridden her exhausted quarry to police headquarters and had seen him prodded into the office of Chief Corrigan.

Her smile, when at last she turned Marceline's head into the stable yard at the riding academy, was broad. It grew even wider when she spied two apparently nonchalant male forms draped over a broken hulk near the barn.

Bilge Wyeth and Tank Beegle straightened up. Their faces were impassive. "Find the treasure?" asked Bilge.

Ellen jumped lightly from the saddle. She, too, was very casual.

"Uh-huh," she said. With her crop she tapped the riding boots that now adorned legs which so recently had been encased in spiral puttees and enormous brogues. "Here's part of what I found."

Bilge and Tank stared.

"Your trail was perfect, my friends. And Chief Corrigan's five hundred dollar reward for the cat burglar was a wonderful treasure for you to lay. I'm going to buy a boat of my own with it. I know you'll be glad that I won't have to worry any more about moving your backstay runner."

Ellen Wakefield's face was wreathed in smiles. "It's been a great day. Thanks."

There was a sudden thrust of a long white nose, and Bilge Wyeth turned with a sharp ejaculation.

"Oh, don't mind old Marceline," said Ellen. "That's just a little April Fool's joke of his, Bilge—a sort of—of—horse laugh on you!"



Laughing-stock of her class —she was so scrawny

... but what an athlete she has become on this delicious Vitamin D food-drink!

SKINNY-LEGS wants to play hockey!" someone jeered. Laura heard . . . and fled to the locker room. Her cheeks flamed.

"I'll show them!" she told herself. "I'll eat and eat until I'm strong as an ox. Then they'll beg me to come on their old team."

So she ate and ate . . . everything that's supposed to be good for growing girls. *But she couldn't gain.* Her gym teacher said, "Laura, you are so active mentally that you need extra nourishment to build up your body. Why don't you drink Cocomalt?"

Laura took her advice and began drinking Cocomalt in milk. In less than a month she had gained thirteen pounds and was fast becoming "strong as an ox". It wasn't long before they were begging her to join

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The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 24)
 bowl's gone! I haven't it. It's—it's gone."

"Gone? *Gone?*" Judy's voice rose to a pitch of anguish. "Who has it?"

"A Mr. Lockwood of Albany."

"Mr. Ernest Lockwood?" wailed the outraged girl. "That makes me furious."

"I wouldn't buy a thing here now if you paid me," she cried, thoroughly angry. "I think you're the most disobliging, deceitful people I ever knew!" And she marched haughtily out of the inn.

"I don't know what it's all about," Lorena exclaimed to Pan, "but if you call it salesmanship, I don't."

The door from the kitchen into the hall, which had been somewhat ajar, now opened wider and Mrs. Peters appeared, her face crimson with cooking and annoyance.

"It's all of a piece with everything you've done since we started," she angrily said to Pan. "I've had enough of it. This girl who's helping me in the kitchen can wait on table, and Lorena can attend to all the people who want to buy things. You're fired!"

At last her slavery was ended!

"I'm very glad indeed to stop working for you, Mrs. Peters," she retorted. "And I'd never have tried it if I'd known what you really were!"

"That goes double for me!" flashed the cook. Someone in the dining room laughed.

Pan went out on the hill and, lying down under the old cedar, let the cool breeze play over her face. What a summer!

She was glad that Ran had not been there to hear Mrs. Peters's dismissal of her. He had gone to the village right after lunch, to see his friend Gerry, she supposed. Gerry, Gerry, always Gerry!

Gerry—Ary! Ary, Frony's friend long ago—1809 the ledger had said—had worked near where she lay, in the old Glass House. He was tall, too. How hot the furnace must have been, like the sun now, as it spied her out through the pine branches. She changed her position, drowsily. It must have been fun to take up the molten glass with a long rod, and blow it into a big bubble. . . . Oh, that had burst, but the next one would be better! If only they would stop shooting arrows into that old chest that was an antique!

. . . Wouldn't Ary have laughed at what became of Peter Whispell's precious old chest—sold down the river to a woman who wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Pan! Oh-oh, Pan!" It was certainly Ran's voice calling her. She awoke to find the afternoon sun pouring relentlessly upon her. She heard Ran call once more, but before she came out of her daze, a car went noisily down the road. It sounded like Gerry Forsythe's. Pan sat up just in time to see it vanish. Sunset came on quickly. Then twilight. Still she pondered hard over her problems. One ray of light only made her happy. The old chest she had sold was at least as ancient as the house. It was well worth the hundred dollars she had sold it for. It was nearly closing time when she again reached the inn. Pan was stopped at the foot of the stairs by Mrs. Peters.

"Wait a minute. I moved your things out of your room and let a

tourist have it. Your aunt's, too! They're both occupied. It's downright foolish to keep on losing money on not renting rooms. Your brother's away; you can have his. Afterward you can fix up the storeroom to sleep in."

"Mrs. Peters, I think that's perfectly outrageous! How dare you? I shall go up and turn them out—"

"No, you won't, not with William and me here to prevent it."

Pan saw William in the hall and heard Lorena moving about in the kitchen within earshot. But where was Ran?

Mrs. Peters answered her unspoken question. "Your brother's gone on a trip with that Forsythe fellow. He said he didn't know when he'd be back."

Pan stared at her, then went upstairs. She had hardly been in the room when she heard a knock at the door. Opening it reluctantly, she saw Lorena.

"Say, listen, I got a telephone message to give you. It's from that sanatorium where your aunt is. They said she needs some new kinds of treatments and the check she gets every month won't cover the expense. They wanted to know could you send fifteen dollars more a week for a while?" Lorena paused a moment, then added, "Well, I kinda wanted to tell you I'm sorry there's been all this fuss, and I certainly never intended to do anybody out of their job. It wasn't what I said, honest; she was off on you long before I came!" Receiving no answer, she murmured, "Goodnight" and retreated.

To say that Pan was grateful would certainly be exaggerating. How she hated them all—Mrs. Peters, her son, and the new helper! And now to add to everything, there was this new perplexity about Aunt Allie. What should she do? She felt so alone! And the fact of Ran's going off on a trip of indefinite length with Gerry Forsythe seemed the last straw.

It was later than usual when she awoke. Ham and eggs were frying, and the tourists were going downstairs to breakfast. They came up again, apparently to pack

their suitcases. There were unmistakable sounds of departure. It was only then that she cared to leave her temporary shelter in Ran's room to wash and to look in the store-room for a fresh frock.

Everything was in such a confusion that she became enraged. She missed her best slip, a blouse, and all the contents of her desk. This last fact was fortunate, for there had been money there. She had locked it up, and hidden the key on a nail projecting from the back of a wall mirror. Evidently Mrs. Peters had not seen it.

Pan resolved to get these things before she went down to breakfast as there was no telling when the room would be rented again—possibly the same day.

Having dressed herself amidst the confusion, she went stealthily down the hall to her room. It seemed no longer hers. Disgustedly she reached back of the mirror for the key, found it, and unlocked the desk. The money was there, untouched. She took it out and stuffed it hastily into the pocket of the light sweater she wore. Next she looked in the closet for a slip and another blouse. The closet was deep and she was at its extreme end when she heard someone enter the bedroom.

"I left it in an envelope under the pillow, I know," said a woman's voice. "Why, it's gone!"

There was a succession of squeaks and thuds as bureau drawers were pulled open and hastily shut again. Then someone approached the closet, threw the door open—and shrieked!

"Good gracious, somebody's in here!"

The two of them were staring at her—Mrs. Peters and a sharp-faced woman.

"Come right out! What's she been up to? Have you seen the lady's money?"

"Of course not!" Pan faced them defiantly.

The woman sniffed. She did not move from the doorway, and Pan, indignant at being gazed at as if she were an exhibit in a zoo, attempted to brush past her. But a bony hand seized her by one shoulder, while the other investigated the pocket of her sweater.

"I thought so! Look here, will you? My money!" She gave Pan a little shake. "Now, where's that bar pin?"

"I don't know a thing about your pin, and that's mine!" Pan pushed against the woman in frantic anger. "Let me go! You're a thief yourself! Give me back my fifteen dollars!"

The struggle was violent, but short. Mrs. Peters came to the aid of the tourist, meanwhile shouting, "William! Lorena! Help! Come here quick. Hurry up! Come quick."

Someone was running up the stairs, and Pan, suddenly abandoning her efforts to regain her money, wrenched herself away from Mrs. Peters and fled down the hall to Ran's room. She slammed the door and bolted it. Then she leaned against the door to regain composure. Her mind was so confused. For a few minutes she stood by the sill, breath-



less, listening. They were coming down the hall. Pan braced herself against the door. The bolt was not so very strong. What had Ran done with the key? Too late, she remembered. She had left the key on the outside. Just at that second the lock clicked. She was a prisoner!

Locked in! No food, nothing to drink for hours. Ran away on a mysterious journey, her father in South America, her aunt in a sanatorium—Pan determines to defend herself as best she can against the Peters' false accusation that she is a thief. Then, Fate allots her a lucky find—in May.

What has happened so far in this story

Pan Forrest, Ran, her brother, and her aunt have just moved into the Forrests' house in the Catskills when Mrs. Revell is hurt in an automobile accident. Mr. Forrest has left a few days before on an exploring trip to South America.

Mrs. Revell will have to remain in a sanatorium for several months and the two young Forrests are left at home with a large house, two newly engaged servants and very little money, since Mrs. Revell's financial affairs prove to be in bad shape. Mrs. Peters, the new cook, her son, and the Forrests open the house as an inn.

One morning when Pan is dusting she comes across a diary kept by Frony Newkirk, a girl bound out in 1809 to Peter Whispell, original owner of the property.

The first customers of the new inn are two girls, one of whom, Judy Cockburn, tries to buy from Pan an old blue glass bowl that Pan has found in the cellar.

Mrs. Peters and William decide to lay out an archery green on the site of an old graveyard on the property. The Forrests remonstrate, but the Peters employ Jud Everts, a villager, to go ahead with the work. Jud comes to the house one morning to report queer goings-on in the graveyard, which he says is dripping with water although there has been no rain!

One evening a few days later Avis Bruyn, the other of the new inn's first customers, and her mother stop at the inn. Just as they drive on to the property Jud Everts hails them and says that he won't go near the archery again—that on old Peter Whispell's tombstone a skull and crossbones gleams in green fire!

Soon after that a dealer in antiques visits the inn and offers Pan fifteen dollars for her blue bowl. She has to refuse, since she has promised Judy Cockburn not to sell it without letting her know. Fearful that something may happen to it, Pan hides the precious bowl in Ran's room. That same day she finds out that the furniture Mrs. Peters is selling is far from antique, and Pan refuses to sell any more of it, although all she had sold was an old chest which had been found in the house, a real antique.

The next day she goes to the village on an errand and there meets Ran coming away from a news shop and looking very disturbed to see her. He discourages her from entering the shop to buy a paper, telling her that he has one with him which she can read. When she gets ready to read it, however, Pan finds that an article has been clipped from the front page! She asks Ran about the mysterious clipping and he tells her vaguely that it was "something about science."

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Libby, McNeill & Libby
Dept AG-16, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

It's easy to collect these labels. Libby's Evaporated Milk is used daily by thousands of women



Corned Beef Hash

(Continued from page 14)

reason, perhaps because it was Saturday, everything—banks and the Express Company, Mr. Culbert's office and most of the museums Cynthia wished to visit—had been closed. Monday, of course, they would be open again and she could get in touch with Mr. Culbert.

But Monday was no better than Sunday, nor than Saturday had been. The band, for the third time, had played all night and Cynthia had slept fitfully, hot and miserable in the closed, noisy room. She awoke feeling as though she could sleep for a week. Then she remembered Nono.

He was waiting for her, and so was the black cat. Cynthia was ravenously hungry. A continental breakfast wasn't enough food to last one through a day of sightseeing, and so far she had found no good place to eat.

Nono, complete with the large sleepy cat, clambered into his wicker chair. The sunlight reflected warm and yellow beneath his chin and his eyes were half closed, amusingly, in the glare. The black smock seemed a dark green in contrast to the cat's fur and beyond them was the red and white ruffle of the awning, a brilliant splash of warm color.

The drawing was emerging with both charm and strength. Black, red and warm flesh tones accented with the green of the cat's eyes and one white paw lifted to rest against Nono's black smock. This, thought Cynthia, was one of the nicest things she had ever done.

She had decided to go that afternoon and find the little French girl Mrs. Brewster had recommended for language lessons. Her visit to the Express Company and to the office where she had hoped to find Mr. Culbert were as unsuccessful as Saturday's visits. Everything was still closed tight.

Still pondering on this mystery she found the house in *Boulevard St. Michel* that bore the address of the French teacher and climbed five long flights of wide, shallow stairs to the heavy oak door with Mademoiselle's card tacked on it. The stairs had made her feel a bit faint. Cynthia put her finger on the white pushbell and listened.

The bell rang, somewhere way off inside, but no one answered it.

Suddenly up through the hallway was wafted the most glorious odor. Cynthia closed her eyes. It made her think of home, of a loaded table, with big plates of corned beef hash.

Like a good little hound following the scent Cynthia, hypnotized by that delicious smell, stepped down, step after step, to the hall below. Here was the door from which it issued. Heavy and thick and solid, it was open just a crack, which was why that lovely smell had wandered out.

Then the door opened with a *whoosh* and she almost fell into the hall beyond.

"'Ello!" said a cheery voice in French. Another girl, shorter than Cynthia but about her own age, with an amusing long nose and twinkly brown eyes appeared.

The girl continued to chatter in French while Cynthia, feeling quite famished, looked as blank as a brick wall.

"But, say!" cried the girl suddenly. "You're an American too, aren't you?"

Cynthia nodded, speechless. For the moment her voice seemed to have disappeared completely. Why, she hadn't heard a word of her own language in three whole days!

"Look here." Suddenly the girl grabbed her sleeve. "You're awfully white. Come in and sit down." And Cynthia found herself pulled inside the door into a further, big, sunny room, plumped down into a deep soft chair. "Put your feet up," ordered the other. "I'll get a glass of water. Mother, this is—"

"Cynthia Wanstead," murmured the owner of that name.

"I found her on the doorstep. She's an American," continued Cynthia's rescuer.

bed right away, you poor thing. It's only seven and you can sleep until ten or eleven. Then I'll wake you to go home."

Cynthia was too weary to utter more than a feeble protest.

"Take off your dress. That's right. I'll just throw a blanket over you and open this window a little. Sleep *doucement*!"

Cynthia started to call, "Don't fail to wake me," but must have been asleep before she uttered the words. At least, when she woke an apparent few minutes later the sentence still hung in her mind:

Frantically she looked at her watch. It had stopped. Then it was the next day! The little clock on the bureau was tinkling eight times when Alice, tousle-headed, in bright pink, candy-striped pajamas, stuck her head round the edge of the door.

"Hello, you! Gosh, how you did sleep! Are you by any chance a grandchild of the Sleeping Beauty? I phoned your hotel, so they wouldn't think a taxi had hit you head on."

Perching on the foot of the bed she chattered. "It's a swell day. Will you have breakfast on a tray here and go back to sleep again after you've finished?"

"Gracious, no! I feel fine."

It was, however, nearly noon when Cynthia sent her name in to Mr. Culbert, the editor of *Little Ones' Magazine*. He came out immediately, both hands welcoming her. "Such a shame you landed in the middle of a holiday. Now, my dear child—about those covers of yours. I suppose you want to get right to work."

Cynthia's eyes were dancing. "I've been at work," she said demurely.

"Already? You are a wonder! Oh, you've got something there? Come into the office, will you? Now let's see—"

Cynthia perched on the corner of his desk and unwrapped her drawing, the one for which Nono had finished posing over a second breakfast just a half hour ago.

"Here you are." She knew it was good. Would he think so, too? Yes, he liked it! She could tell that by his face.

"Sa—ay, that's a nice piece of work. My dear child, you've surpassed anything you've done yet." He set the drawing on the floor, propped against the wall, and leaned back to squint at it.

It was nice to be praised and Cynthia felt herself getting warm and pink-cheeked. Yes, she knew Nono had been her best effort, to date. "There'll be better ones, though," she told the little editor.

Mr. Culbert got up and took her arm. "Now we'll go and get a check made out for this. I know you can always use money in Paris. And then how about a celebration dinner tonight, some place where they have marvelous French cooking?"

Cynthia laughed. "I can do better than that. I've got an invitation for you instead. We're both invited to a really American meal. Please, do you like corned beef hash?"

GIRL SCOUT GARDENING SCHOLARSHIP

FIRST Class Girl Scouts between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one who have been in Girl Scouting three years and who are still active in a troop are eligible for the Lou Henry Hoover Scholarship in the School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler, Pennsylvania, available in September 1933.

Worth about five hundred dollars annually or over half the usual maintenance for board and tuition, this scholastic honor is well worth winning. It covers a two-year course.

Qualified Girl Scouts may apply to Mrs. Vance C. McCormick, Chairman, Lou Henry Hoover Scholarship Committee, Girl Scouts, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"I guess it was smelling your corned beef hash that did it. I'm more homesick than anything else. I've been in town three days—and then this noise. I can't sleep at night—" stammered Cynthia.

"Good gracious—our hash in the hall! We'd lose our French lease if the landlord knew that! Oh, I forgot. I'm Alice Murchison and this is my honored parent."

Mrs. Murchison, big and calm and friendly, in a stiffly starched blue gingham apron, took the glass from Cynthia's hand and suggested mildly, "You'd better stay to dinner, if you're homesick. We'd like it."

Dinner was delicious, and during the meal she heard the story of the mysterious holiday. "It's the *Jour de Bastille*," Alice explained to her, "in celebration of the destruction of that beastly prison. The French never have a half-holiday. They save it up and make four days of it."

"I've had one of those bands under my window for the past three nights," apologized Cynthia. "Please, may I have some more hash?"

"Save room for real American ice cream," advised her hostess and, when dinner was over, "I'm going to tuck you into

Patsy Flies Incog.

(Continued from page 18)

probably the fastest was a Wasp-motored Boeing that they let me try before it went to the Navy."

Just then there was a call for the stunt expert, and Adams climbed into the plane, adjusting his goggles. But as he took control he leaned out of the cockpit and called to Patsy, "Come back this afternoon. I want to talk to you some more." Patsy nodded and waved as he zoomed off.

Susan had drawn very close to Patsy and was whispering in her ear.

"I think he's going to ask if you want to go into the movies!" she said excitedly.

"Nonsense!" returned Patsy, looking up at the sky. "Just look at that chandelle. Oh, he is a wonderful flier!"

To Susan and her father these terms were cryptic. But they watched the soaring ship dive down, go straight up and then, sideways, over, before beginning to whirl madly toward earth—perhaps this was what the girl flier meant. Patsy breathed in audible relief when the pilot landed safely and a mechanic nearby glanced at her and smiled.

"That's nothing," he remarked. "In a day or so he will crash—it's in the script. Going to smear that old gray biplane all over the set."

Mr. Robinson heard him and looked at Patsy, smiling.

"Yes, I know what you are thinking," he said. "We will be here."

"But I should hate to see anyone hurt," protested Susan.

"Don't worry, miss," interjected their studio guide. "He has deliberately smashed up for the movies dozens of times before this. And now, let's go to lunch." He led the way to the waiting car and back to the studio cafeteria.

There, as they ate an excellent meal, they saw dozens of famous movie people, some in make-up and costume, others in mufti. Patsy was impressed by the fact that the famous men were seldom so tall and handsome as she had thought, while noted actresses all seemed unnaturally thin, especially through waist and hips. In the throng of extras and unknown people who played minor parts both girls thought they discerned much more beauty and good looks than among those who had achieved success. But one of the studio heads, who had seen Mr. Robinson and joined them at their table, told them that people who appeared beautiful sometimes failed to photograph well. He added that the talking films made voice and enunciation very important, too.

Then Susan found it was time to go. Her father called a taxi and she set off for home, to get dressed for the tea party, while Patsy and her uncle returned to "location".

Dinner had been on the table for five minutes that evening when Patsy and Mr. Robinson arrived home, chattering excitedly as they dashed out of the car and falling suddenly silent as they reached the dining room. They lost no time on formalities but fell to with vim and an air of suppressed excitement that was not long lost on the others. Susan had started an animated account of the afternoon's social events when she suddenly stopped, looked from her father's face to Patsy's, then nodded wisely and remarked, "You two look like sleek cats very full (Continued on page 42)



Can this be "Listless Lil?"

Read how she became the pride of the gym

HOW thrilling to watch! Full of life and zip and sparkle. Would you dream that only last term even drilling was too much of a strain for her?

* * *

This is her story . . . Lil was subject to colds, always run-down with some little illness or other. She hardly ever had a good time—was always dull, "mousy", listless. Until one day she made up her mind she wouldn't be left out of things any longer.

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MY FAVORITE holiday is Easter. It gives the loveliest sensation imaginable of starting all afresh in Spring sunshine and, usually, in flowering surroundings—even though such surroundings may be dramatized by an April shower. And I know of no place more beautiful and more richly dowered to promote the Easter feeling of beginning again than Washington, D. C.

This Easter the whole United States will share in the feeling of getting a fresh start, with a brand new President in a freshly scrubbed White House. Perhaps those of us who will not have been lucky enough to attend the inaugural ceremonies may spend our Easter holidays in Washington and have our breath taken away by the cherry trees—a reward quite sufficient to atone for the loss of a few breaths. Washington is so friendly a city that it hardly requires a guide outside our own sweet wills and the guidance of its citizens; but it is also so interesting that our desire to know more about it, and especially more about the institutions it guards, becomes increasingly insistent.

For younger children—your brothers and sisters, perhaps—there is a new book which tells simply and clearly about these institutions. It is called *When You Grow Up and Vote* (Houghton Mifflin) and is by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, our new First Lady, who was recently invested as Honorary President of the Girl Scouts. Then there is another book for older girls and boys, *How Our Government Is Run—A Book for Young Citizens* by Inez McFee (Crowell) which gives considerable information. There are concise and interesting chapters on such august bodies as the National Courts of Justice, the Department of State, and the Department of Agriculture—the last of particular appeal to Girl Scouts and to all interested in forest conservation, farming, and the many timely topics which the back-to-the-soil feeling of the present time makes of especial concern. There is information of a kind not usually given in an informal book on government, such as the fact that, "tucked away in

New Books For The Easter Holidays

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

Washington so quietly that not one citizen in a thousand ever heard of it, is a veritable house of secrets, known as the Army War College". Our ears prick up while some of these amazing secrets are disclosed. We savor also the thrill of those visits which we have perhaps paid to the Smithsonian Institute and the Freer Gallery, though naturally in a book of this nature these cannot be treated in detail. Should you want to roam again through the artistic and cultural as well as the political attractions of Washington, *Your Washington and Mine* by Louise Payson Latimer (Scribner's) is one of the best books we can think of to recommend. It is not so new as *How Our Government Is Run*, having been published in 1924. But, written as it is by a Washington librarian, it has a grace and a literary appeal as satisfying today as when the book first appeared.

Perhaps you belong to that large group of people who do not care to read about the surroundings in which they are traveling, while they are in the midst of experiencing them first-hand. After a day of sight-seeing in and about Washington during your Easter vacation, you may feel, let us say, patriotic but not keen for research work. *My Country—Poems of History for Young Americans*, selected and edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson (Houghton Mifflin) will appeal to your patriotism and will give you stirring hours in verse with the great historical periods and events of America. Many of us are familiar with the famous *Home Book of Verse* edited by Mr. Stevenson, so that we know him as an anthologist whose guidance has long been a delight. In the present collection, he has chosen poems dealing with phases of history from the discovery of America to the present day. Columbus, the Pilgrims, the rumblings of the American Revolution and its final bursting; the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the Great War, with the years of peace and development between, are presented to us through the eyes of the poets. This is an approach congenial to many of us, and it is especially interesting to note how history repeats itself in such a refrain as that of Clinton Scollard's *The Ride of Tench Tilghman*:

They've marched them out of York-town,
The vanquished red-coat host,
The grenadiers and fusiliers, Great Britain's pride and boast.
They've left my Lord Cornwallis sitting gnawing at his nails,
With pale chagrin from brow to chin that victory prevails.
Their banners ceased, in sullen haste their pathway they pursue,
Between the liled lines of France, the boys in Buff and Blue;

At last their arms away are cast, with muttering and frown,
The while the drums roll out the tune
The World Turned Upside Down!

The refrain "The World Turned Upside Down", repeated as it is at the end of various stanzas, sounds like a quotation from our own newspapers of today.

Deborah's Discovery—A Mystery Tale of Old Virginia by Gladys Blake (Appleton) introduces us through one of our favorite forms, the mystery story, to a colorful bit of early Colonial history. Deborah and Ned Wayne live on a luxurious Virginia plantation, one made live and interesting through the presence of Deborah, Lettice, Ned and Dick. Lettice Leigh arrives with her mother to test the famous Southern hospitality of Colonel Wayne's plantation, shortly after Dick has been welcomed there. Dick has been shipwrecked while on his way from England to "the colonies", and has made his way on foot to the plantation after very evident hardships; no questions are asked him, and even though he is a puzzle to his genial host because he doesn't care for cards or dancing, he is accepted as a member of the family in the generous Southern manner. Both Wayne and his sister Deborah long for the advantages of English education, and when Dick, a pupil of Sir Isaac Newton, offers to tutor Ned in return for the hospitality which has been extended him, the offer is accepted.

Lettice Leigh is very different from the cultured and elegant Dick. Her mother, who is a sister of Virginia's governor, has got into difficulties because she has in her possession a counterfeit guinea received originally from Colonel Wayne, and has refused to betray where she got it. In those days, when money was so scarce and tobacco was used in its place by the wealthy planters, the possession of every coin could be accounted for. Soon other counterfeit coins appear in the Wayne household, and Lord Avondale, said to be a representative from London on the trail of the counterfeiters, makes himself most disagreeable. Everyone is uneasy and the situation grows increasingly tense until Deborah takes a hand and absolves her father from his apparent connection with the counterfeiters. Lettice bounces through the story in an inelegant but amusing fashion, and Dick grows mysterious and mysterious, as Alice might say, until his identity and mission are made clear. It is a cleverly constructed story, with the mystery weaving tantalizingly in and out, and the characters convincing and well drawn.

Tribute is paid to Southern hospitality in another form this month. Now it is Georgia and not Virginia which beams a welcome to the reader in the pages of

The Savannah Cook Book by Harriet Ross Colquitt (Farrar and Rinehart). Years ago Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts of America, lived in the spacious old Savannah house now the headquarters of the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames. In the basement of the house the "Colonial Kitchens" dispenses to its patrons specialties in cooking, the secrets of which are known only to old Savannah mammas. How difficult it has been to extract these secrets from them, Miss Colquitt tells in her preface, where she remarks that all the really good old-timers cook "by ear", so to speak, just as they sing their spirituals. One story she tells is so amusing that I am sure you will enjoy it, so I shall quote Miss Colquitt verbatim:

"How long do you cook your okra?" I asked a colored cook, to which she replied that she put it on when she did the rice. Knowing that rice should cook about twenty minutes before steaming, I thought I would find out by this devious method, so inquired, "How long do you cook your rice?" "Til dinner's ready," responded this wizard of the kitchen, and left me just where I was when I started."

Despite these difficulties, the cook book presented sounds very tempting. Even if we can't get hold of terrapin, or hear the cries of "Yeh swims! Yeh oshta!" with which the negro hucksters tempt the Southern housewives, there are many recipes which may easily be tried, and it is certain that many a silhouette will be spoiled in a good cause if these recipes are followed. And, by the way, a rapturous word must be said for the sketchy and lowbrow illustrations. They remind us poignantly of the ones in Jean Webster's *Dear Enemy* long ago, not to speak of those which so successfully adorned *Eat and Grow Thin*.

From Savannah to Ole Man River is a natural transition. *With Hearts Courageous* by Edna Kenton (Horace Liveright and the Junior Literary Guild) tells of the early days on the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence rivers, when the Jesuit fathers and their devoted French followers explored the fastnesses of the New World. The Jesuits kept diaries which they called "Relations", and it is from these sources that the author has given us a fascinating account of those faraway days—an account which increases our admiration for the courage and the vision of these early pioneers of North America. This book might be called a biography of the period and of the intrepid Jesuit fathers, and in the course of its reading our interest in the Indian tribes and customs, in the virgin country and, above all, in the incredible hardships of the day, receives fresh impetus. It is a book to be read thoughtfully and slowly, and will appeal particularly to the girls whose tastes are turning more and more toward biographical subjects.

Rolling Wheels by Katharine Grey (Little, Brown) is an enthralling story of one of the most dramatic chapters of American history—the overland journey to California. Jerd and Betsy, Granny, so understanding and courageous, father, fascinated by the distant vision of California, mother, frightened by its distance and at first unwilling to leave the comforting security of the Indiana home—they are all lifelike characters. Largely through their agency we feel the roll of the covered wagons over the endless plains,

pant with the terrible thirst of the desert, and are almost sick with disappointment when, at the end of the terrific journey, it looks as though California will not welcome the party. Jerd is a boy every household would be proud to welcome, and Betsy and her older sister Nancy, whose romance develops and is consummated in the simple manner of covered wagon days, are two girls whose stimulating companionship is a privilege. It seems to me that this particular book should be inscribed high on the honor roll of pioneer stories for girls.

If this be true concerning *Rolling Wheels*, the same to an even greater degree applies to *Let the Hurricane Roar* by Rose Wilder Lane (Longmans, Green). This short and deeply moving tale is of a young couple who, as the children of pioneers in the "Big Woods", decide after their marriage to go farther West, where land is plentiful and fertile. With disarming simplicity the standards and demands of the day are made clear, and it is inevitable that those of you who are growing up today will compare them with your own. "Charles' father," we are told, "was an open-handed man and he had six sons younger than Charles; he could afford to be generous. Charles was not yet nineteen. His labor belonged to his father until he was twenty-one." (*Belonged!* Think of that, you of the express-yourself generation!) "But," continues the story, "his father gave him his time—a free gift of more than two years. To cap this, for good measure heaped up and running over, he gave Charles the team and wagon he would have earned by working till he was twenty-one."

And as for Caroline, his sixteen-year-old wife, her parents gave her to start her married life "two blankets, two wild goose feather pillows, and cooking pot and pan and skillet. They gave her a ham, a cheese, two molds of maple sugar, and Tennyson's *Poems* beautifully bound in green and gilt, with steel engravings. She had the patchwork quilts she had pieced. Charles had his fiddle and his gun."

Thus equipped, the young couple start their married life in a dugout. The idyll of their days together is so superb a record of the things which make all living worth while, that only literal quotation can give you any idea of it. And not for anything would I trespass on territory which Mrs. Lane has made so indubitably her own, thereby robbing you of those first impressions, sometimes of lasting value.

Although pioneer days make their own irresistible appeal, still the blessings of civilization are not always to be sneezed at. *Robin Hill* by Lida Larrimore (Macrae Smith) shows us a romance at which the hardy Charles and his Caroline of *Let the Hurricane Roar* would have opened incredulous and not entirely approving eyes. Shirley is a modern girl and Elaine is an ultra-modern one. Ricky is the young man who brings out the best and the worst in both girls, and one can only remark that he isn't half worth all the trouble he makes—but then, what real troublemaker is? When he is as well intentioned and as apparently charming as Ricky, that is all one can demand; and then, John is all a girl could ask in the way of hero. The little story is sugary and of the it-can-only-happen-in-some-books type, but it is light and pleasing, and makes good reading when that kind of book is needed.

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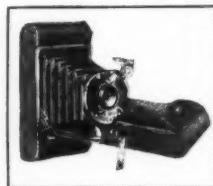


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W 391 Diary.....15 cents.

W 396 Leatherette cover.....25 cents.



GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE

570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Patsy Flies Incog.

(Continued from page 39)

of canaries and dying to tell about it. What is the secret? What happened?"

"I suppose we might as well tell them, eh, Patsy?" said her Uncle Hal. She nodded, and he went on, "There really isn't any news, except that our little relative from the East has been engaged to act as double for Miss Whoosis, the star of the picture, in all the flying sequences where Miss Whoosis is supposed to be acting smart in the air. Starts in tomorrow, risking her neck and loving it, because we wired to ask her family's permission and it's been given."

Susan leaped from her chair and ran around to bestow an ecstatic hug on Patsy.

"Best of all," Mr. Robinson proceeded, "she is going to get *one hundred dollars* per flight and she may make a dozen or more. So she'll be rich just having a good time. It is a good time for you, isn't it, Patsy?"

Patsy agreed.

"I'd rather fly than anything in the world," she said solemnly. "And it's not really dangerous flying, Uncle Hal—I'm not going to make crashes, just do stunts that every student is supposed to know."

"Very nice and modest," commented her uncle, "but I stood beside your chief stunt pilot this afternoon when you went up to demonstrate and I heard what he said. It didn't sound as if your flying was so simple and easy, to hear his comments."

"Did he really like it?" Patsy asked.

"He said he had never seen sweeter stunting," was his answer. "And one of the mechanics said the ship was tail heavy, and the other said it was too bad to put a good flier in a bum crate. So if those remarks mean anything to you, that's that."

Patsy nodded. "Yes, it was a little tail heavy," she said thoughtfully. "We ought to shift the stabilizer. And it isn't much of a ship but it was the only one ready at that moment. So I took it up. But it has a good motor, that's what counts. It stood the loops well enough."

"What are you going to do with all this money? Save it for a trousseau, or a trip to Europe or college?" asked Mrs. Robinson.

"No, I want to get a bigger, faster ship, and fly in races and across country," Patsy answered.

The next morning Patsy made good her promise to her old flying clothes. She donned them lovingly, though the effect as she gazed in her mirror was amusingly out of key with the Spanish room. She looked smart and well turned out in spite of the souvenirs of many a flight when she had been drenched with rain, or the hours spent poking in her engine, as shown in oil and dust and darned spots on her clothes.

When she arrived downstairs, Susan and her parents were already at table and greeted her with compliments, for Patsy not only felt happiest in flying togs, but looked her best.

Already the journey to the movie lot, the place itself and the paraphernalia of cameras, trucks, directors and all the rest seemed familiar. She felt businesslike when they reached the hangars and she had been greeted by the chief stunt pilot and Mr. Vandervelde, and told what she was to do. The picture had reached a point where the scenario demanded that its heroine be shown leaping into an airplane and doing

daring feats in the sky for the sake of her screen sweetheart. The director had been trying to manage it so the scenes would not reveal that the actual flier was a husky man instead of a slim girl, and the arrival of Patsy, who in height, figure and general appearance resembled the star, had seemed providential to everyone concerned.

She found, when she reported for duty (with her uncle acting as her manager, since she was a minor) that she would have to wear another coat and helmet, duplicates of those the star was using. Then, as the star was shown rushing to the plane and photographed in her seat in the cockpit, it would be impossible to tell the difference when Patsy, goggles down, was photographed taking off and in the air. It all seemed so simple that Patsy felt she was hardly earning a fraction of her salary. All she had to do was get into the waiting ship, take off, fly to 3,000 feet and do what seemed to her a few simple stunts. Cameras on the ground and in another plane were to follow her every motion. By various clever arrangements the actual effect and appearance of the sky and earth in a plunging, spinning and looping plane were to be shown. She was to fly the old ship she had tried the day before.

"Now," said the director to Patsy when it came time to take off, "you understand you are to imagine yourself trying to escape from the pursuing plane holding the villain while going after your sweetheart to warn him of his own danger. Keep yourself oriented in the air with an eye on that white flag over there." He indicated it, near the cameras. "When you come down be as close to it as you can. The chief pilot has explained about that, hasn't he?"

"Yes," answered Patsy, over the sound of the motor. "I'm to spin in for a thousand feet after one loop and a chandelle, then side-slip down to my landing, past your flag."

"Good!" said the director. "Any suggestions, Adams?" He looked at the stuntman, who had already given Patsy a written memorandum.

"Only this, Patsy," said the expert. "Watch your altimeter and be sure you don't make more than two turns on the spin—get another five hundred feet on the climb before you chandelle—we've fixed the stabilizer so the ship isn't tail heavy today. Don't worry about the other ships in the air. I'm going to be pursuing you and the camera ship has a good pilot. We'll keep out of your way, but I count on your holding your course for the landing, and so forth. I'm sorry it's such a shabby old crate but I'm going to crack it up tomorrow—in your name. Our heroine is going to have a smash, but you won't have to do that. I'll smash and you'll be taking off regardless of it in the picture afterward, with injuries and all. But don't worry about that now. All set? Got it at sixteen hundred? Let's go!"

He stepped back as the cameras were brought to focus on her.

Her cousin Susan and Mr. Robinson stood respectfully to one side. They were amazed at the quiet assurance and confidence of their little relative as she stepped into the atmosphere of the aviation world.

As he paced up and down, megaphone in hand, the director shouted final orders. Hand on throttle, Patsy watched him.

"Do you all know what you've got to

do?" he cried. "This is the picture—pursuit scene! Now—we're going to make it—CAMERA!" And with the last word he waved at Patsy.

Perfectly steady, with the cameramen reeling away at her from various angles, she "poured the coal", took off and was in the air with no more concern than she had felt on hundreds of other flights. As she banked and turned above the field, spiraling for altitude, she saw the other planes taking off together, and knew they would soon overtake her, since they were both faster ships. But she applied herself to the task of reaching a height where her stunts could begin.

Her eyes on the altimeter, Patsy went on and up in great circles to 3,000 feet where, following directions, she cast a startled glance over her shoulder at the pursuit plane. Beyond it, in a position where both could be photographed, was the camera ship. As she watched, the plane in which the chief was pilot dove beneath her and came up above, but remembering his counsel, she kept on a level track until the air about her was clear. Then, as he wagged his wings in signal and waved his hand upward, she knew it was time for her stunts. So she threw the plane into a chandelle, diving down, zooming up, turning sideways and over, and into level flight before climbing.

It all seemed easy and natural and the ship responded well to the controls. Her memorandum of the directions given by Vandervelde was fastened on the instrument board before her.

She pulled into another climb, in preparation for her loop; then as her directions indicated, she looked again at the pursuing plane. She knew that the effect of these maneuvers in the picture would be to show a desperate girl pilot trying to escape from a hardened villain, and sure enough, the pursuing ship was again above and behind her. The pilot made a threatening gesture with something which resembled a revolver. The memorandum on the instrument board said:

"When pursuer aims revolver, go into loop". One look at the words and she pushed the stick forward in order to gain additional speed with the dive. She held it firmly because of new pressure on the controls and firmly she kept the rudder straight. She held the dive until the motor gauge showed that the revs per minute had increased to 1,700, then having gently pulled back on the stick, she started the climb at the same time that she advanced her throttle. Back, farther back, came the stick, steeper and steeper the climb, until the earth was above her head and there was slight pressure on her safety belt.

But Patsy did not bother with the view. It had lost its novelty for her long ago and she was concerned only with the controls of this rather rickety old ship. Since she knew that a loop or dive at too much speed would rip the wings off a deficient plane, she throttled down the motor as she rounded the top of the turn, and let the stick gently forward. The dive that followed was gentle and brought her to level flight again, and once more she looked at her directions.

"When pursuing plane rushes at you, go into spin toward flag from altitude 3,500 feet, two turns," said her memorandum. The altimeter showed sufficient height, and she watched the (Continued on page 44)

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Patsy Flies Incog.

(Continued from page 43)

camera ship as it maneuvered into position. Then she did a swooping banking turn to get exactly above the flag on the field below, where cameramen, directors and members of the cast were gathered.

Patsy was hugely enjoying herself. Now she felt quite at home in the plane, with some regret that it was destined soon to be destroyed. Then as she saw the pursuit ship rush toward her, she pulled herself into a spin. Nobody had told her whether to do it under power or without, but she was accustomed to power spins and did it that way. A power spin means that the throttle is left on and the ship pulled up until it loses flying speed.

A spin, as she knew and every flier knows, is both the most common and the most dangerous of flying accidents. That is why every student is taught to get into and out of them. It is due to a plane having lost power enough to pull it through the air, or as fliers say, reaching the "bubble point" when controls no longer function. Too much climb in proportion to power will do this, and so will level flight with insufficient power. Recovery is through a dive, giving excess power. The direction and number of turns can be controlled by the rudder.

So Patsy left the throttle on, pulled the nose of her plane vertically up into the air, felt her controls "a-wash", gave a kick to top rudder and then saw the nose go down and felt the tailspin begin. For oddly enough, it begins with nose up and is called "tailspin" but the result is a ship headed vertically toward earth and whirling toward it, straight down.

It was as she went into the dive that she heard a new sound. She heard it above the roar of the motor and the singing of the struts. She felt the controls wobble strangely under her hands and feet. Startled, she looked from side to side, and felt panic for a moment as a great strip of fabric tore away from the left wing and went off into the air. Well she knew too, what this meant—the spin and dive had placed excess strain on the ship—the entire wing might pull off at any instant. Indeed, it was only by pulling the stick hard over that she maintained level flight.

"Steady," she told herself, as her right hand trembled on the handle of the stick. "Got to get down somehow—today's not the day for the crack-up."

Her knees and feet seemed strangely wobbly as she peered over the side toward the earth, and considered how to make a landing quickly and safely. Then another roar came to her and she saw the pursuit ship and the camera ship, one on either side, making desperate signals. It was impossible to hear what their pilots were trying to say, but she suddenly remembered the radio attachment in the cockpit. Was it in working order? The director had remarked that he wouldn't use it today, as it

might get her rattled, and the written directions had served instead. Now she picked it up and spoke into the mouthpiece.

"I've had an accident," she said. "Can you hear me? Wing fabric is going I'll try for a landing."

"Yes, yes," came an answer from the ground. "We have the ambulance ready—" There was no more.

It seemed hardly cheering, and Patsy looked again at the other planes. The men of the camera ship were grinding away stoically as if it had all been rehearsed, the stunt-chief was nodding reassuringly, pointing down and tilting his own ship 'way over. Patsy understood that he meant her to side-slip down. So she throttled her engine and, gently, with considerable apprehension, she used the controls as for normal side-slipping, giving too much rudder for the bank—the only thing to do under prevailing conditions. With a screaming sound, another sheet of fabric pulled away but she had slipped down three hundred feet, in one long slanting slide earthward. Then, cautiously, she tried an opposite slip, made another earthward glide, sideways, on the wing that was now showing bare, skeleton-like ribs of aluminum and wood.

She did not know that the camera ship was making vivid close ups; that the stunting chief was circling above her like a vulture watching its prey; that doctors and nurses and a hospital bed were waiting to receive her; that fire apparatus was standing by below; that a director was clutching his fists until blood dripped from his palms; that her uncle was softly moaning and her cousin hiding her eyes; that the little actress star was clinging to her leading man with more feeling than she had ever shown in any love scene before the lens; that the cameramen were focusing their machines on her and grinding steadily away even while they prayed aloud; that every mechanic and pilot and extra on the field had eyes on that gray airplane that was going to pieces above them in mid-air.

Patsy did not know any of this, nor even think of it. Her mind was concentrated on one thing only—to make a safe landing.

"Any landing is a safe landing if you can walk away from it," quoted Patsy, and smiled grimly. The white flag, the cameras, the field and hangars seemed very near, and the controls were increasingly "washy". Her last side-slip had brought her within fifty feet of the ground—there was one hope. Pushing her goggles up on her helmet, she looked up for the first time and waved her hand gaily to her companion ships. It was a gallant gesture, for Patsy was taking a desperate chance. She unfastened her safety belt, cut her switch and prepared to pancake-in—to make a deliberate crash.

Bracing her left hand against the edge of the cockpit, she pushed the stick forward, then pulled it level, and saw her left wing tear away completely as the ship crashed, before she closed her eyes.

With screaming sirens, ambulance and fire truck rushed toward her and, amazed that she could hear them, that she was not dead or even unconscious, she arose from the wreckage, clambered out, under the very nose of a battery of cameras and fell into Vandervelde's arms.

"I'm sorry it cracked up too soon," she said faintly. "Please get me another ship to take up right away."

There was a chorus of protest as her uncle and cousin arrived. Grimly the cameras ground on. Then the chief stunt pilot arrived, hugged her and clapped her back, congratulating and endorsing her request to go up again.

"Of course she wants to go up right away," he said. "We'll take a ship with dual controls and I'll go along, but she has to fly it herself. Otherwise she might lose her nerve and never be able to fly again."

So another plane was brought out and they climbed in and took off, after Patsy had taken a drink of water.

"She gave us the best shot we've ever made of a crack-up," said Vandervelde as, amazed and thrilled, those on the ground watched the fliers climb into the sky, loop, dive and spin and then come down.

"She's all right," announced the chief as he climbed out. "A game kid and a swell pilot. And since she crashed the ship, she can have my fee. She earned it."

"Yes, she certainly did," said Vandervelde. "What's more, she can have a contract."

Patsy shook her head.

"I'd love to be in the movies only I must get back to school."

But it was not until she had been taken home, examined by a doctor and pronounced absolutely unhurt, that her relatives knew why she was so resolved to get on with school and college.

"You see," she explained diffidently, "no woman has ever designed an airplane, and I want to be the first qualified engineer to do it."

"Well," said her uncle, "I'm certain that Patsy's airplane will hold together."

"It will certainly keep its wings on, anyhow," returned Patsy. "I discovered today that a plane is no fun without them."

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary

APRIL 17-23, 1933



THE turn of the year's wheel has brought around to us once again the annual spring celebration put on by the American Humane Society. It is to remind us of the rights of and our responsibilities toward our animal friends. The little tyke shown here asks us to remember kindly throughout the year all the birds and beasts—as any good Girl Scout should.

"I Am A Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 25)

In fact, I couldn't see why any one should bother with her. I couldn't see her charm.

But about the second week she had been in town, one Friday night when dad and mother and I were on our way to the theatre, I was overcome with surprise to see Maxine going along the street arm in arm with this new girl, both very gay and laughing so they could hardly walk, Maxine's carefully marcelled hair flying in all directions and Janet with her hat down over one eye. Well, I had no more idea what the movie we saw that night was all about than the man in the moon. I could think of nothing but what I had just seen. To tell the truth, almost more than anything else, I had envied any one Maxine would go with, and I had cultivated her consistently all the way through school. What was she doing being seen with Janet? I puzzled to myself. Just as though they had been intimate friends for years. What could Maxine possibly see in her?

I never let on that I had seen them together, but out of curiosity I paid a little more attention to whatever Janet did in school the next week. She didn't assume, as I expected her to, a proprietary air toward Maxine. You'd scarcely have noticed that she seemed any more friendly toward her than before if you hadn't been looking for it. Gradually, though, the other girls began talking about the thing, too. Maxine had asked if she might go home with Janet again one afternoon, and they had gone rattling off in the station wagon together.

You see, Maxine was a senior and president of Student Council, voted "best liked girl" and all that and practically ran the school. So it was something to get excited about when she, of all people, apparently sought out this Janet person from the juniors. Some of the girls thought there must be something back of it and that Maxine had discovered Janet was really an heiress in disguise. So they decided to ask Janet to their houses. Others just got catty and made nasty remarks about her clothes or the district she lived in, and said Maxine was doing social work for the good of her soul. Everybody's nose was certainly a bit out of joint for a while—mine most of all, because I knew there was nothing in the heiress story and that Maxine wasn't doing anything for the good of her soul. I could see that she was really devoted to Janet for something Janet had in herself, something obviously much better than anything I had to offer.

So my impulse was simply to envy whatever it was that Janet had, more ardently than I had envied in all my dozen and odd years put together. That was my impulse, indeed, but to my great surprise, I found that what Janet had was in itself above being envied. I couldn't hold out the tiniest little feeling of covetousness against her, at least certainly not after that night the cast was chosen for our big dramatic production of the year.

Most of the girls had been more or less won over to Janet by that time. They thought little of Maxine's friendship for her, except when it came to the question of who would play the rôle of the leading lady. There was no doubt that Maxine her-

self would be the hero—nobody else could take a man's part and do it successfully. The choice for the heroine obviously lay between Janet and me. The general opinion was that Janet would get it even though everyone honestly believed that I could do it much better. After the final try-outs, we were all sitting in assembly hall waiting for the dramatics instructor to announce the cast. I was already a lurid green around the gills imagining those two up there receiving bouquets in front of the curtain and having their pictures taken together in the final scene. The instructor had chosen Maxine first, as we had all expected. Then he cleared his throat. There wasn't a sound throughout the whole hall.

"I'm sure you will all be very much interested," he began, "in a little incident that occurred in the selection of the rôle of the heroine. The decision stands exactly as I would have made it without any regard for personal considerations—" at this a slight murmur ran around the room—"but the successful production of a drama depends to a large extent upon harmony amongst the cast. So I thought I would consult the hero's wishes concerning the young lady who was to play opposite 'him' to see whether 'he' very much preferred my second choice. 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'Miss Brooks just said to me, 'You know, Max, it would be a dreadful mistake if he should take me, because Barbara's so much prettier and I always forget my lines at the crucial moment.''" "Miss Barbara Macy will play the heroine."

In that moment it became as clear as day to the whole school the sort of thing that Maxine had seen in Janet. It also became my one ambition in life to be the sort of real person she is. You simply can't have an ambition like that and feel envious of anything at the same time. So, in short, I was cured then and there. And I for one am heartily glad of it.

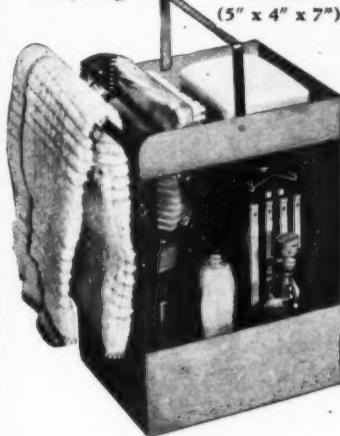
We all love Janet for herself, because she is a lovely, gay, sincere individual. Even her clothes, and her house, and that car of hers, any one of which we would have scorned before, have taken on a charm for us since we have learned to see things a little more for what they can be worth. And I can tell you that we appreciate a lot more than we used to the things we have ourselves.

I am so thrilled now when my Wednesday afternoon comes around. I know now that it isn't all because of the taffeta curtains I might have that we are all so glad to be together in my room. I know it's because we care about each other for what we really are, and for what we are trying to do and to become.

The girls just left a little while ago, and I was sitting here thinking how differently I used to feel from the way I do today. It made me so happy I began to wish every crowd like ours could have a Janet Brooks come to live in their town. Of course, I knew that could never happen, but I thought perhaps if I wrote this letter to THE AMERICAN GIRL, some of the readers might be the exception that proved the rule—not have to learn by experience how stupid it is to be the envious creature I once was, and never will be again.

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If You Want to Play Tennis

(Continued from page 11)

back shoulder up and out—or onto your left foot for backhand—while you are tossing the racquet up and back with your left hand and left shoulder, and then throwing your body weight through the racquet onto the ball.

The best point at which to hit any ball is the one where you have perfect balance. Sometimes players prefer to hit the ball on the rise, on the top, or on the drop, as they have practiced doing one more than another. There is no one correct place—unless it is the highest point at which your balance can be well maintained. It is easier to lower your swing than to raise it; so it is safer to aim to hit all ground strokes about waist high. The variation comes naturally. To me it is difficult to control a ball on the rise as compared to the drop, but I find half-volleys a great aid in speeding up my recovery and use them aggressively when it would be difficult to hit the ball higher up.

After each shot is made, a natural player will bring the racquet to rest with the throat—the part where the handle begins to flare—in the left hand, so as to have it ready to start on its backward toss, when the body balance is ready for the next shot.

If you have been following these principles, you have realized already what fun it is to keep the ball in play. When you rally with an inferior player, play your shots with a view to making it easy for the player to get the ball back. This gives you control. Refusing to play with inferior players, by the way, is selfish and does not make for enjoyment of the game.

Some tennis players have natural skill with proper application, and in others the situation is reversed. Just as in school work, pupils learn more quickly where inclination and application work together. Perhaps one player is deterred because there is no time or place available for practice on a court, while another gets practice using a side wall or barn door. Tennis is easier for the girl who has a background of activity in other sports.

As in almost everything in life brain power is necessary. I can think of numbers of players who might be termed stylists, who have pretty strokes, but who have little success against a change of pace game. Their own game is obvious and easy to break up. They have practiced hitting every ball on either side at about the same height and speed and can beat the average player who tries doing the same thing without the hours of practice. On the other hand, a player who is quick to note weaknesses in an opponent and knows how to utilize balance and rhythm in her own strokes will improve rapidly. She will not try to play the game at all times, but will do what is necessary to upset her opponent and to gain confidence herself. She does not say, "My forehand just won't go in today," but uses a forehand or a backhand, or any shot that will go in often enough to allow her opponent to miss a few shots.

A player with knowledge of the when, how, and why of shots is seldom an "in and outer," because as soon as she realizes she is getting the shots out she knows just what she ought to do to get them in.



Play as well as you can under all circumstances, but never try to do better than you know how. This is often the reason an inferior player is swept off the court. She will spend most of the match trying to outplay an opponent who is ready for every move, instead of playing the game as she can best play it. I often encounter this type when I am teaching.

When I give the average medium player a great many lobs, I can see her confidence in hitting overhead shots develop almost immediately. It is more difficult to get quick results from practice on ground strokes as the bounce of the ball as well as the surfaces of courts vary so much that accurate judgment of the exact point to strike the ball is not easy to acquire. Some players think quickly; some act quickly. The ideal player, of course, does both.

I Enter Tournaments

It takes a good deal of practice to get ready for tournament play, but I was lucky in having three brothers who were very much interested in my progress, and I worked hard in response to their encouragement. When they heard about a tournament for women in San Francisco, on the Golden Gate Courts, I was duly entered. I met my partner in the doubles for the first time on the trip across the bay from Berkeley, and we won the tournament, which was completed in one day. The following day the singles tournament was held and I was beaten in the final by the champion, Miss Varney. Having so much success in my first venture was a great incentive, and what a lot I learned in those two days!

The next year I took part in handicap events played at Golden Gate Park, and the following year I was defeated in the State Tournament by Violet Sutton. In 1905 I went abroad with a friend and chaperon to visit in England, where we played a lot of "garden tennis." I came home and played in the Bay Counties Championship again, and the next year entered the University. I played there all four years, winning the championship each year, and took part in the Intercollegiate events with Stanford, as

well as in outside tournaments. I still lived in Berkeley, but by this time we had a court of our own.

I was often called on to play a man in an exhibition match. The gallery was always with me and I usually won. But the spectators didn't realize perhaps that this was because the man was so polite that he never played his best until I had quite a lead. This often happens in mixed singles.

The fall of 1908 marked a turning point for me, when some Eastern men came out to take part in the Pacific Coast championships. George Wright, the veteran sportsman, brought his son, Irving Wright, Nat Niles of Boston, and Wallace Johnson of Philadelphia. They persuaded my mother to allow me to come East and play in the National Championships in Philadelphia the following June, and Wallace Johnson invited me to play in the mixed doubles.

I shall never forget my excitement on arriving in Philadelphia, and my dismay at the amount of rain. The number of grass courts impressed me. I had seen some in the Northwest, but here was a whole field of them. Most of my matches were not very hard, until I came to the finals, and then I had a close three-set match. It was in singles. Louise Hammond was my opponent, playing a steady, heady game. The next day I played Mrs. Barger-Wallach. Immediately following the singles came the ladies' doubles, and the mixed doubles, all played on the same afternoon. I finished at about half-past five, and when I left at six on my train for the West, I was the holder of three American titles.

A day or two after reaching home, I lost to May Sutton in an exhibition match at the old San Rafael asphalt court. In February there was a tournament at Coronado Beach, where she defeated me again, and where Maurice McLoughlin and I won.

One of the pleasantest associations of my tennis life has been my playing with Maury, both in practice and tournaments. A more unselfish friend or more inspiring partner would be hard to imagine. He was always willing to come over from San Francisco and play on our court. We worked very well together. As our object was to give each other practice, we would give each other dozens of lobs to smash; then we would try long rallies, keeping the ball on each other's forehand or backhand. He was then perfecting his marvelous smash, one of the most effective and beautiful kills in tennis history. I benefited in many ways by this practice.

At Philadelphia in 1910, I successfully defended all three national titles, and the following year, when I went East again, I was allowed as a commencement present to stay and play in as many tournaments on the Eastern circuit as I liked. After the National Tournament, in which I won all three events again, I played, among other places, at Longwood in Brookline, and there met a young man, George Wightman, whom I married the following February.

When I went back to California after that long season, I was persuaded to play in San Francisco. I remember the tournament because I did something I had never dreamed of being able to do. I lost only one game (Continued on page 48)

Curtains Turn Picturesque

(Continued from page 21)

splitting narrow widths to save material, so skimpiness spoils the effect. It is far better to save by choosing a less expensive material. A full width of thirty to thirty-six inch goods is needed for each curtain.

Pull a thread across the fabric to straighten the end before starting to cut. Then draw a thread at the end of each section you measure, to guide your scissors.

To make the curtains, trim off the selvage and finish each one on the outer edge, next to the window casing, with a half-inch hem. Baste and stitch the plain binding and piping in place along the front edge and bottom, using a mitered corner. The only stitching which shows on the right side is the row along the edge next to the piping. Hem the top of each curtain, using a three-inch heading, folded over a strip of crinoline to give it stiffness for pinch-pleats.

In grouping the pinch-pleats, an easy method to follow is first to make a pleat one and three-quarter inches deep in the center. Sew this pleat down to the depth of the top hem; divide the fullness contained within it into three equal parts to form three small pleats. Pinch them in and hold them in place with a few hand stitches at the bottom. (The following diagrams will make these details clearer.)



HERE IS THE WAY TO MAKE A PINCH-PLEAT

The pinch-pleats will then stand erect and spread slightly at the top in fan shape. Now make pinch-pleats in the same manner midway between the center pleat, just made, and the edge of the curtains. Attach a small hook or ring, designed for this purpose to the back of each pinch-pleat and at the edge of the curtain, from which it will hang on the rod.

Tie-backs are made of a strip of plain material eighteen inches long and two inches wide, piped on both sides with white and finished with a tailored looking bow.

In the room in which these curtains are hung it is attractive to use a bedspread and dressing table to match.

For the girl who is thinking of airy, crisp curtains to freshen her room for summer, those made of tarlatan are among the very newest. They are white with jade green piping and an enormous green bow—a recent note that looks very quaint and Victorian.

One of the joys of these curtains is that you can make them whether you have a special fondness for sewing or not. A little cutting, a row of stitching, a fascinating

bow to tie—and your curtains are ready!

Tarlatan is about fifty inches wide. So before cutting your curtain length cut a strip about eight inches wide down one side, from which to make the ruffles. Measure and cut the curtains according to the directions given above. Use the selvage on the outside edge next to the window frame. Finish the inside edge and bottom with a two and one-half inch ruffle—either pinked or picoted at the edge and applied with a green piping. One row of stitching is all that is required to attach the piping and ruffle. The raw edges at the back will not show, so they need not be finished. Make a three-inch pinch-pleated hem at the top as described above. Fashion the bow tie-back from a three-yard length of tarlatan half the width of the material folded in a

double fold. The bow must be a large one.

The dressing table to match the curtains has a generously full white tarlatan skirt encircled with two rows of loops and bows.

You are not, of course, limited to the green and white color scheme. Tarlatan, both unglazed and glazed—sometimes called "Argentine cloth"—comes in a wide range of colors. Nor does this style limit you to tarlatan. Organdy may be substituted and cellophane in one of its new patterns, backed with marquisette or gauze is very much in the modern manner.

NOTE: Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Miss Coyle, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., for a shopping list of materials mentioned in this article.

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If You Want to Play Tennis

(Continued from page 46)

a match. It was a thrilling experience and came about through a chance remark. The first girl I played begged me not to let my next opponent get any more games than she had won in her match. So I made an effort and succeeded in not giving her any more. Then I tried the same thing with the rest of my opponents, with a result that surprised me as much as anyone, and that demonstrated to me the advantage of having a definite objective.

My recent acquaintance, George Wightman, meanwhile had an objective which brought him out of Harvard, graduating in February instead of June, and to the West coast. After a week's visit, my mother consented to our engagement. We were married soon after and made a leisurely trip East with his father and mother. My tennis playing days were over for a time. My son George was born the following winter.

When George was nine months old, however, I was back in the game, and won at Longwood from Mary Brown in September, 1913. I also won in the mixed doubles with my husband. Less than a year later my daughter Virginia was born, and we went to California soon after. On account of a sprained ankle I hobbled around on crutches for weeks, and was unable to play until we returned to Brookline early in 1915. That year I played Molla Bjurstedt, losing to her several times, and then I took her to California to give the West a chance to see her.

My husband and I lost to Molla Bjurstedt and Harry Johnston in the fall tournament at Longwood in 1916. Then came the war years, with my husband away at camp, and exhibition matches to be played for the Red Cross. I played a great deal of patriotic tennis, and in 1918 won the National mixed doubles with Irving Wright.

It was in 1920 that I first met Helen Wills. While visiting in Berkeley, California, I went to the club where many children were playing and discovered one girl with pigtails whose playing was outstanding. I asked to meet her immediately and we played several times together. Her

physique and concentration on the game were remarkable, and when I made suggestions, it was a delight to watch her immediate application of ideas new to her. A great desire to learn and an unswerving will to accomplish a definite job each day have been the foundation of her success. Another factor was constant good practice. She was always appreciative of her opponent and, unlike the average boy or girl of fourteen who can seldom resist the temptation to waste time just fooling on the tennis court, she played definitely from the beginning. She never played too long at a time, however, so that she was always very keen when she played. No one could have had more pleasure than I in watching her progress to the position of première woman tennis player of the world. We played together, I am proud to say, when she won her first three big doubles championships. Unspoiled by success, she is still the same charming girl she was when I first met her.

Because of illness, I was playing very little in 1920, but Wallace Johnson and I won the mixed doubles at Philadelphia for the third time, and I won in the doubles in the women's national indoor tournament.

Our trip abroad in 1924 should go into the record, too. Helen Wills, Eleanor Goss, Mrs. J. B. Jessup, Lillian Sharman and I went with the rest of the Olympic team, of which I was the captain. The English defeated us, although Helen and I won our doubles match. In Paris we did better, Helen winning the singles, both of us together the doubles, and Norris Williams and I the mixed doubles. Incidentally, tennis has not been included in the Olympic events since then, so our titles still hold. From Paris the team was invited to go to San Sebastian.

It was on this trip—which Helen didn't make—that I had the rare experience of playing with royalty. The Spanish royal family happened to be there visiting the Queen Mother. The American ambassador, Alexander Moore, called immediately we arrived and brought an invitation from the

Queen to play the next day. In the morning we went to the palace. I had some qualms as to the etiquette of the occasion, but there was no special ceremony. The Queen put us at our ease immediately and we soon found ourselves with various members of the family starting for the courts in the royal gardens. We were going down the steps from the palace when the Queen told me she was not going to play. She said she was not good enough, but I protested. "Beatrice," she called to one of her children just as any mother would, "go back and get my tennis shoes." So we played doubles, and the Queen and Winnie Richards won against Mr. Myrick, the captain of the men's team, and me.

At the King's suggestion, one of his nephews and his oldest son, the Prince of Asturias, played against Prince Jaime, the second son, and me. I would have broken a leg if necessary, I think, to win that match; it seemed to mean so much to the father and to Prince Jaime, who physically was never on an equal footing with his brother. We did win, amidst a good deal of teasing. It was a very natural family party with the children sitting around on the grass and the King looking on and commenting with evident enjoyment.

Back in America soon after, Helen Wills and I won the national outdoor championship. I have played off and on in local tournaments for many years, and am often asked to play in mixed doubles. In 1925 I played with Borotra who had invited me to play a year before in England. I have played with Le Coste and each time we have been defeated in the finals. And Sarah Palfrey and I won the women's indoor national championship four years—from 1928 on. In 1932 we lost it to Miss Morrill and Mrs. Van Ryn.

Next month Mrs. Wightman will describe tennis strokes and special plays. Whether you are just learning the game or are an average player, you won't want to miss the advice she will give, nor the glossary of tennis terms that will accompany her article.

Within Their Own Four Walls

(Continued from page 29)

Council is an area council consisting of six towns. The Little House is in the center of the area, and it is figuratively and literally the Mecca for all Girl Scouts in the council.

"The activities that are made possible through the ownership of a Little House are almost too numerous to list. A troop in Lanett decides to have a birthday party, so to the Little House they come bringing a huge cake with five candles. They have a wonderful time and before they leave the clean-up patrol sees that everything is in perfect condition for the next group that may wish to come. A troop in Shawmut is interested in working on the cook and hostess badges. They reserve the Little House, send invitations to the members of their troop committee, and see that there are flowers arranged nicely. Upon arriving

at the Little House the guests are greeted by the hostesses and entertained until the cooks have the meal ready to be served."

This House Has Had a Busy Life

Annah Kirker of Assonet, Massachusetts writes about the Assonet Girl Scouts' Little House:

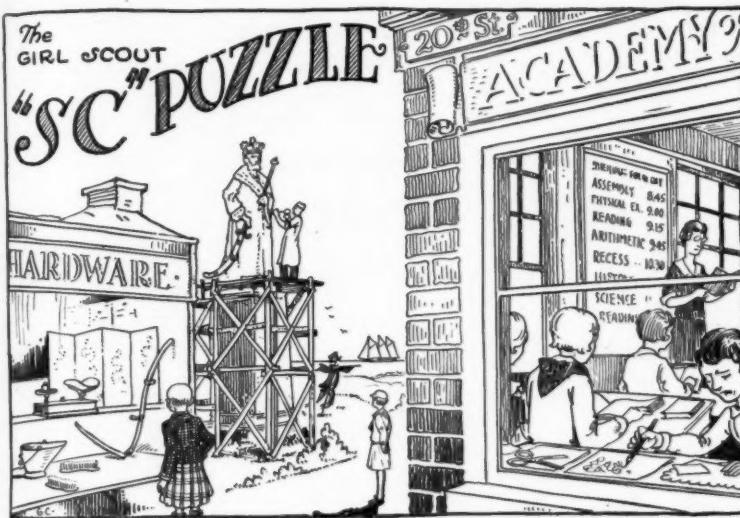
"If the walls of the building used by the Girl Scouts of Assonet as their meeting place could only talk, what interesting anecdotes they would tell! We should hear accounts of bickering and bargaining carried on around the stove of a typical country store of old New England days. The girls would learn of the weighty arguments settled at the town meetings; the talk of the men as they hauled in their boats for painting. They would hear also of the chat-

ter exchanged by the Sewing Circle ladies as they gathered around the quilting frames; and of the pranks of children who attended kindergarten. The Assonet Girl Scouts were organized in 1928 and the building was lent to them.

"Plenty of hard work had to be done. Friends helped in scrubbing and painting. Furniture and dishes were donated."

News for Brownies

Everybody interested in Brownies—including those most interested, the Brownies themselves—will find a great deal of Brownie news in the April and October numbers of *Council Fire*. The contributions will be international in scope, the material having come from many countries throughout the world.

**The "S-C" Puzzle**

Our puzzle this month is a little different from those we have had recently. The queer scene pictured above has the effect of a strange jumble of unrelated subjects and yet, at the same time, is quite plausible.

If we study the picture closely, we will notice that the names of many of the people and objects are spelled beginning with the letters "S C". There are at least thirty-four "S C" words that can be applied to it.

The possibility of the Scotchman's name being Schneider, or that the scene is in South Carolina (S. C.) is not included.

A Charade

My first is in duck, but not in drake.
My second, in bread, is never in cake.
My third is in oak, but not in tree.
My fourth is in crowd and never in three.
My fifth is in flute, but not in fife.
My sixth is in spoon, but never in knife.
My letters all six spell a flower of spring
Which the first sunny skies and warm
days bring.

By ELEANOR KILROY, Meriden, Conn.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, five new words will be formed. The five added letters will spell the name of an Indian weapon.

1. Long. 2. Ash. 3. Ear. 4. Pen. 5. Hen.
By ADELE GROSS, New York, N. Y.

Concealed Seas

The name of a sea is concealed in each of the following five sentences:

1. He hired a man whose name was Juan.
2. Bob lacked interest in the work.
3. Biri shed tears when he left.
4. Neither the dog nor the cat were friendly toward each other.
5. The old clock, belonging to Tubal, ticked on.

By NATALIE BEAIR, Troop 18, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Jumbled Flowers

Here is a list of familiar flowers (all plural). The letters are scrambled together in disorder. See if you can unscramble them.

1. shdiroc 2. sirgoamld 3. ssarte 4. siir
5. ronmngi rlyog 6. ewest sepa 7. yohen-
skleusc 8. oylhllokhs 9. lgfa illesi 10. iissaed
11. ewest sysmula 12. ssore 13. nnastigae
14. naiseupt 15. eltsvoi 16. opipse
By ELNORA DE GREE, Schenectady, N. Y.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A small two-masted vessel.
2. Each.
3. Lukewarm.
4. One who cries.
5. Mythological nine-headed serpent.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform a ROSE into a LILY in six moves.

By HARRIET BEECHER, New Baltimore, Mich.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

By GEORGIA MACPHERSON, Woodland, Calif.

THE CHERRY TREE INCIDENT: 1. Oak leaves on a cherry tree. 2. Tree trunk smaller than stump. 3. No chips on ground for all the chopping. 4. George has only one eyebrow. 5. Hatchet not fitted properly to handle. 6. One leg on George's trousers longer than other. 7. He has different stockings. 8. He wears modern tennis slippers. 9. Washington, Senior, has coat buttons on wrong side. 10. He has one finger missing on left hand. 11. One sleeve cuff has frill, other is plain. 12. One shoe has frill, other buckle. 13. Shadows from two figures fall opposite to each other. 14. No telegraph wires in Washington's time. 15. Weather vane letters in wrong place. 16. Weather vane is not joined to spire. 17. Spelling on name plate wrong.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

A	D	O	P	T
D	E	B	A	R
E	B	E	S	R
P	A	S	S	E
T	R	E	E	S

WORD JUMPING: Bird, bard, lard, land, lane.
ENIGMA: James Whitcomb Riley.
YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because I asked him.
A PRESIDENTIAL CHARADE: Wilson.
ADD A LETTER: The six added letters spell MONROE.

A FRUIT AND VEGETABLE VALENTINE:

Dear Honey Dew:

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beats for you and my love is as soft as squash. But I'm as strong as an onion, for you are a peach. With your turnip nose and your radish hair, you are the apple of my eye. If you canteloupe with me, marry me anyhow, for I know we would make a happy pear.

Your Sweet Potato.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ What's your
★ favorite color?
★

★ PINK, green, blue—whatever
★ your best color may be—you
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★ tha, working together, mean
★ sweeter, cleaner washes!

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★ THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR
★

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MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



DOROTHY VERRILL. She is a native of New Haven, Connecticut with three centuries of New England ancestry, and has traveled in far, queer places from early childhood because her father, A. Hyatt Verrill, author, naturalist and explorer, lived

much in little-known lands. Tropic jungles, Surinam, Demerara, Dominica, great snakes, brilliant birds, dusky Indians were all part of her girlhood, but she was back in Connecticut at her family's summer home on an island, when she made her first airplane flight in 1912. It was a real pioneer flight, on one of the earliest type Burgess-Wright planes, and she sat on one of the wings, concealing her terror with the aid of cherry hair ribbons and a stiff upper lip before she went up, then finding she loved it. In the diverse newspaper work which followed her studies at private schools and the Yale School of Fine Arts she covered various flying events but didn't make another flight until 1928, when her daughters were fellow passengers. Her third flight was her first lesson and she won her pilot's license in 1929, her experiences in flight training being syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance. She is the author of *Harper's Aircraft Book for Boys*, a technical work largely illustrated by herself, and *The Skygirl*, a story of a girl's flight training, also of many technical and fiction stories on aviation and other topics. Her daughters, Patty, fourteen, and Susan, eleven, adore flying. They read every story she writes for girls before it is sent out, and she accepts their suggestions for improvements. Next to them and aviation, Dorothy Verrill is most interested in the theater, travel, rifle shooting, horses, books, gardens, cooking, salt water and automobiles.

ANNA COYLE. The author of the article, *Curtains Turn Picturesque*, writes of herself:

"Never in my rosiest dreams did it occur to me that I should some day be called upon to write a biographical sketch. Yet, here I am putting down some of the facts about myself for THE AMERICAN GIRL!

"Looking back it seems to me that I must have been a bit of a wanderer. I grew up in a charming old Southern town, went to Chicago to study home economics, then took courses in feature writing in a university in New York City. As field editor

CONTENTS for APRIL, 1933

ART AND POETRY

Cover Design	Edward Poucher
When on the Marge of Evening	Louise Imogen Guiney
Lilacs	Elise Kauders

STORIES

Horse of Another Color	Charles G. Muller
Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett	
Corned Beef Hash	Erick Berry
Illustrations by Ruth King	
Patsy Flies Incog.	Dorothy Verrill
Illustrations by Addison Burbank	
The Hoodooed Inn—Part III	Louise Seymour Hasbrouck
Illustrations by Robb Beebe	

SPECIAL ARTICLES

If You Want to Play Tennis	Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman
When Spring is Here	Hazel Rawson Cades
Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell	
"I Am a Girl Who—"	
Illustration by Iris Beatty Johnson	

PROFICIENCY BADGE PAGES

Cover Your Screen with Covers (Craftsman)	Winifred Moses 19
Curtains Turn Picturesque (Needlewoman)	Anna Coyle 21
Drop Cookies and Biscuits (Cook) (Hostess)	Jane Carter 32
New Books for the Easter Holidays (Scribe)	Sophie L. Goldsmith 40

GIRL SCOUT PICTURES

Girl Scouts and Their "American Girl" 26, 27
---------------------------------------	------------------

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

Within Their Own Four Walls	28
-----------------------------	----

OTHER PAGES OF INTEREST

Along the Editor's Trail	3
Laugh and Grow Scout	4
Well, of All Things!	5
What's Happening? Mary Day Winn	30
Our Puzzle Pack George L. Carlson	49

for a magazine I spent three years traveling and visiting girls' clubs in many states, and while serving as manager of a girls' club, I lived in Philadelphia long enough to feel quite at home there. So, you see, I am interested in girls and the things they are doing North, South, East and West.

"Now I spend my days dashing around New York discovering the very latest and smartest ideas for women and girls and writing about them. My articles have been published in many magazines and in newspapers as well. I thoroughly enjoy my work with THE AMERICAN GIRL, and am thrilled over the nice letters I receive from the girls who read my articles."

FANNY WARREN. All of you will be glad to meet Miss Warren, who does the lively drawings that illustrate our joke pages.

She writes of herself:

"In my family, the fairies presented pencils and paint brushes and pens instead of silverware, and at an early age we fell to and used them and have been doing it ever since. From the time I was a little girl to this day, all of my letters have been filled with 'funnies'.

"So drawing for THE AMERICAN GIRL always seems like sending messages to my friends, and the jokes which come to me make me laugh so hard I fear I shall grow too Scout."



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